P.P. 9716.

THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

VOL. XVI. NO. 48. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1897.---SIXTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE MANCHESTER MARTYRS.

Miss Maud Gonne, the Irish "Joan of Arc," Addresses an Immense Gathering at Central Music Hall, on the Occasion of Their Thirtieth Anniversary.

Mayor Harrison Presides, and Mr. J. F. Egan and the Hon. M. V. Gannon Deliver Short Addresses—A Splendid Musical Programme.

An audience of over three thousand assembled at Central Music Hall, on Tuesday night, to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of the martyrdom of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien at Manchester, and the celebration was held under the auspices of the Irish Nationalists of Chicago. Mayor Harrison presided. He said it was an unlucky day for Ireland that she had lost such heroes, and that it was an unlucky day for England, who hanged them, for it showed the world that "England's boasted love of justice was a sham, and her boasted love of liberty was a hollow mockery." He spoke briefly in eulogy of the heroes of all ages who have died in the cause of patriotism, and paid a high tribute to the Irish race]

After the address of the United Irish Societies had been read by Frank J. Ryan and adopted by the audience, M. V. Gannon offered a resolution protesting against the proposed general arbitration treaty with England, and made a vigorous speech in its support. It was adopted.

The chairman then introduced Miss Maud Gonne, who was received with tumultous applause, which lasted several minutes, and when quiet was restored she spoke substanially as follows:

Miss Gonne's Address.

I cannot describe to you the feelings of immense emotion which come over me as I stand here in this vast assembly of my fellow countrymen so far away from the old land. When I left home my friends told me, "You are not going to a strange country." And, indeed, they spoke truly. Since I landed in America my countrymen have not allowed me for a single moment to feel myself among strangers. The welcome they have given me touches me deeply, the more that it is not for myself they welcome me. It is because I come to speak to them of the great cause they love; because I come to ask their active help and co-operation in the great work which is before us of carrying out in a manner worthy of the occasion the demostrations in honor of the '98th centenary.

There is nothing more wonderful and beautiful in the world than the untiring and unceasing devotion of the Irish people to their native land. It makes one feel so proud of belonging to such a race. Driven out from their homes by the tyranny and systematic misgovernment of England which has brought about the ruin of our beautiful land, forced to go to foreign countries to earn the right to live denied to them at home, these sons of Ireland never forget their sad mother; no, not even here in this great free republic who has taken them to her heart and adopted them as her children, and where they breathe the life-giving air of liberty. It is proof of the wonderful, magical charm of that isle of old enchantment, that melancholy isle which lies dreaming in the arms of foam-bearded Atlantic; her weird power of attraction draws her children's hearts to her, no matter where they may be the wide world over; and in spite of her humiliation; in spite of her sorrows, perhaps on account of them, we love her more dearly and more ardently than men love the greatest and most powerful nations of the earth, and we will never rest until we have broken her chains and awakened her once more from the death-like trance in which she lies at the feet of England. (Applause).

Long centuries of intercourse with England, centuries of struggle against her, not alone for freedom's sake, but for actual material existence, have taught the Irish people to distrust her. From bitter experience we know that she is never more to be dreaded than when she speaks fair and offers her friendship. We have seen treaty after treaty broken whenever it suited England's policy to do so. It is but natural and right that the Irish people in America should ever be on the watch to defend their adopted and beloved country from even the shadow of English intrigues and influences which have brought such deadly ruin on Ireland and India, and on any other land where they have once taken hold and where the people have not yet as in this glorious America, succeeded in shaking off the cursed English yoke. This is why so many Irishmen oppose with all their efforts the Arbitration Treaty. They see that it is not so much an arbitration treaty that England wants as a semblance of an alliance with this great Republic, which would bolster up her tottering prestige in Europe. England wants this treaty, not to guarantee peace, but to place her in a position of being able to make war. She forsees complications in Europe; and her policy of imperial extension cannot fail to cause them. She may be forced to keep her promise and evacuate Egypt. In case of war the Suez canal might become closed against her, and she is anxious to secure a road to India by the Canadian Pacific, by which she can still maintain her tyranny over that famine stricken land. She wants, in case of a European war, to be able to draw away with safety her naval and military forces from this hemisphere. She wants to secure her food supplies from America, and above all she wants to be able to say to Russia, to Germany and to France: "See, I am strong, for I have the great Republic of America at my back. It is the alliance of the English speaking races."

If England so loves the principles of arbitration, why does she not arbitrate the Irish question? We would willingly leave our cause to the justice of the United States, or any international tribunal. But Mr. Chamberlain replied when the republic of the Transvaal suggested arbitrailon: "We English are a dominant nation. It is preposterous to talk to us of arbitration."

A century has passed since the United Irishmen and this great heroic leader, Wolfe Tone, so nearly succeeded in freeing our country. The more we study the events of '98, the more I think should be encourged to go on in the path which these men trod, to keep their lives and examples ever before us. If they failed in their great undertaking it was through a series of unfortunate and purely accidental circumstances. But though the United Irishmen failed in their main effort, yet they succeeded in raising on high the national ideal. Their tradition animated the men of '48 and of '67, and to them we owe it today, that in spite of the discouragement and the parliamentary demoralization of the past dreadful years, the youth and manhood of Ireland are as firm today as ever they were in their undying resolution to be free. (Applause.)

During the hideous mockery of the English jubilee pageant Ireland turned for consolation to the memory of '98, and no more dignified or insignificant protest could she have chosen than that mighty convention of delegates from every province of Ireland, which assembled in the city hall in Dublin on the 22d day of June to honor the memory of the heroes who fought for Irish liberty, and to make arrangements for the carrying out of the great national pilgrimage which is to visit those glorious battlefields next year. It is a relief to turn the mind to the lives of such men as Wolfe Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Robert Emmet and the Sheares and others. It takes one out of the sordid of modern political party strife which exists not only in Ireland, but in every country in the world.

Human life is very precious and should not lightly be risked, but there are some sorts of economy which are shortsighted. It would have taken a great many revolutions ending in failure before the death roll caused thereby reached one million, and yet this figure has been over past by the system of sheep-like resignation to England's benign government in Ireland. Even now famine is again throwing its black shadow over the northern part of Ireland. Famine is part of English policy for the extermination of a race who dares to long for liberty.

It seems to me that constant revolution and consequent bloodshed might have proved less deadly to Ireland than all these years of peaceful ruin. A little blood makes a great stain.

We are all too well acquainted with every incident of that eventful and glorious year of 1798 to make it necessary for me to go into much historical detail. What I propose doing is to compare the situation of Ireland today with that of a hundred years ago. If I dwell for a moment on incidents well known to you all and remind you of the battles won by the half starved, half armed wholly but heroic peasants who in May of 1798 at Boulavogne and on the Hill of Oulart under Father John Murphy routed the English forces, and led by Bagnel Harvey, Father Roche, Fitzgerald, Hay and others in the South, took the towns of Comalin, Ferns, Enniscorthy, Wexford. If I speak of the taking of Gorey and of Garrett, Byrne in Wicklow and the gallant fight at New Ross, which began at 4 o'clock in the morning on the 5th of June and ended at four in the afternoon, when 2,000 dead lay on the ground; and if I recall the fight in the North, the battle of Antrim and the heroic Henry Joy McCracken and Henry Munroe, and of the taking of Randalstown and Ballymena and the defeat of the English at Saintfield and the glorious victory of Castlebar, it is because I know that the thrill of pride which fills my heart at these heroic memories is fully echoed in your own.

It is good to speak of these things in an age of self-indulgence and indifference. If I speak too of what to us is such a terribly well known fact, the brutal and diabolical cruelty of England in her warfare against the weak and conquered, if I describe the burnings, the pitch caps and the tortures, worse than those of the inquisition which were carried on by England in Ireland in 1798, it is because I think we cannot keep too clearly before the world what the boasted civilization of England really means. Yes, whenever England would pass in Europe for a great Christian and liberty-loving nation, it is for us Irish to tear down her veil of hypocrisy and lay bare the ghastly horror which is the basis of all English rule. It is strange indeed to note how little is changed in the circumstances of Ireland. Since a hundred years ago when the United Irishmen so nearly succeeded in winning our freedom. Many of the same wrongs and the same causes of misery exist and the same elements are welded together in the general discontent.

Another strange point of comparison is this, at the end of the last century as at the present time the refusal of the English government to grant urgent reforms, parliamentary reforms in 1787, fiscal reforms in 1897, that exasperated the Irish upper classes and made them remember for once that they too are to join the popular and national party.

In 1797 the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Camden, wrote: "It is melancholy to observe that the more respectable part of the inhabitants of the northern counties and the gentlemen are so blind to their own interests that they are beginning to talk the language of encouragement to the principles of the United Irishmen."

In 1897 we read of a meeting in Cork presided over by Lord Bandon, and Lord Castletown, saying that England would have to grant reforms of taxation in Ireland or Europe would soon hear of an Irish question as they hear today of an Armenian question. He went on to remind England that she had lost America and that she might yet lose Ireland.

In 1798 the Duke of Leinster and principal landowners of Kildare held a meeting and said that if reform were not granted speedily the contest would end in bloodshed and rebellion and might terminate in complete separation of Ireland from England. Well this year we have meetings in Belfast and throughout Ireland of the principal landowners demanding, in no measured terms, fiscal reform; and we have the strange spectacle of the Nationalist and Conservative members speaking from the same platform and demanding that England should cease to rob Ireland or take the consequences, which will be separation.

In 1797 the government did not grant reforms and the result was the Revolution of '98. In 1897 the English Government does not seem inclined to be any wiser or more politic.

Another point of resemblance worth noting is this: Towards the end of last century England stood alone in Europe.

Today she can again boast of her splendid isolation. The nations of the world are tired of being robbed, plundered, betrayed by England.

England has many enemies in the world, and very naturally they are on the lookout to find her weakest and most vulnerable point. It is equally natural that she should endeavor to prevent them finding out; therefore she has paid agents in every capital in Europe, and she does not hesitate to spend immense sums of money in subsidising as much of the press and as many of the news agencies as she can to get them to propogate these lies and calumnies against Ireland. Does not the great importance here attached to their work prove to us the absolute, the vital importance of contradicting these lying statements and their false impression?

The celebration of our great revolutions would be made worthy of the heroes whose memories we honor, of Wolfe Tone, of Fitzgerald, the Sheares, McCracken, Emmet and the countless heroes who sacrificed their lives for the cause of freedom. There must be no jealousies, no quarrelling, no confusion, no dissensions among us. Our platform must be as broad as was that of the United Irishmen. For the honor of '98 and the honor and dignity of our sacred Ireland, let us put on one side, for the time at least, all our political differences, no matter how important they seem to us, and show the world a united front.

Irishmen who are scattered over the world will come back next year to the old land. You from this great republic, you will come back by thousands, in orderly array, to help the men at home to receive our friends from France, that other great republic who has always been our friend, and the many delegates from the other countries in Europe and representatives of the press of the world, who will come next year to Ireland to honor and to take part with us in the immense national pilgrimage which will visit all those glorious battle fields of '98. It is an opportunity such as we have not had this century for placing our Ireland in a position of dignity before the world.

The question between us in England is far deeper than mere material reform. We are of another race from the English. We have other qualities and other faults. The same laws will never satisfy us. Deep in the heart of the Celt there is the wild love of independence and liberty which the Saxon can never understand. Generations may pass away and centuries of persecution, but so long as there is an Irishman in the world, so long will he struggle for the independence and freedom of the sea-girt "isle of destiny." I think in the world's history there is no such remarkable an instance of perseverance and stubborn resistance. For seven centuries Irishmen have carried on the struggle for liberty against overwhelming odds.

I do not believe that any great or noble effort is ever wasted or thrown away. Sooner or later the fruits of all these centuries of sacrifices and toil will be reaped and the hour of destiny will once more dawn for our sacred island and the dazzling light of Freedom once more will shine upon her. (Prolonged applause.)

Mr. James F. Egan, who served nine years in English prisons as a political prisoner, then spoke in behalf of the movement to secure the release of those Irish patriots now in English prisons. He also spoke of the pilgrimage of the Irish people to Ireland to celebrate the rebellion of 1798. Miss Bessie O'Brien furnished the other brilliant number on the programme. She sang "Erin Is My Home," and was encored, and then she sang "The Minstrel Boy" as probably none in the vast audience had heard it sung before. Mr. John J. Phelan sang the stirring song "O'Donnell Aboo," and was recalled. The others who took part in the programme were Mr. William F. Ryan, Miss Nellie Gillen and Miss Edyth Evans. The audience joined in singing "God Save Ireland," and the great meeting came to a close.

Don't Run Any Risks about health. Avoid coughs, colds, fevers, pneumonia and all other similar ailments by keeping your blood rich and pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable and do not purge, pain or gripe. All druggists.

IRISH FOLK-SONGS.

Some Unpublished Literature That Gives Evidence of Strong Poetic Fancy—Exquisite Love Songs of Long Ago.

A few Delightful Examples of Rare Sweet Lays of Love, Hate, Despair, Grief and Joy.

(Copyright, 1897, by M.J. Murphy.)

"On some unpublished literature." The kind reader will say, on glancing at this title, "I suppose that means some poor beggar's unprinted manuscripts." Well no, kind reader, not on this occasion. The literature which I am now inviting you to glance at with me never ran out of the end of a goose-quill nor blotted foolscap. And yet it is literature. And there is nothing contradictory in this, if only we remember that paper and ink do not produce literature but are merely a convenient method for stereotyping it. It makes no difference whether you read me your poem off the printed pages of your work, or recite it to me off the unseen pages of your memory. Indeed, I prefer it off the memory, for firstly, it would scarcely be housed there if it was not worth remembering, and secondly, it is always well to meet whatever nature may present you with at as close quarters as may be, and here we can dispense with those go-betweens, those middle-men, pen, ink and paper.

Indeed, I would ask you, did Homer use an ink-bottle? And, now that I think of it, I remember Max Muller calls the "Kalewala of the Finns" "the fifth epic poem of the world," and that was committed to writing, only the other day, so to speak, taken down from the mouths of peasant singers. And so it is with these ancient Irish songs of which I am going to write; they, too, were with much labor committed to paper from the mouth of the old men and women who still sing them in those parts of the island where the people have not as yet basely thrown away their national heritage, to-wit, one of the most expressive and unmixed Aryan languages of Europe.

There is a plaintiveness and melancholy running through all real folk-song of all countries, especially those that treat os love and hate, and this feeling Irish peasant poetry shares to the full. In almost every case it is despairing and not successful love; it is disappointed affection and not joyous self-congratulation which finds vent in them.

Wherever the ancient and beautiful Irish language is spoken today, there we still find in profusion on the lips of man and maid, abundance of those wood-notes wild, instinct with a tenderness without vulgarity, and a simplicity without rudeness. Many of them have stood the test of centuries, living on from mouth to mouth, and in them we overhear, as it were, the beatings of the Gaelic heart when off its guard. There are none of the pretentious trappings of the professional bard about these children of the heart. What more natural than this soul-cry, this key-note of the folk-songs of love, wrung from the heart of a girl:

Deir siad liom fein
Gur nidh beag suarach an gradh,
Acht is mairg air a mbionn se
Mi no seachtmhain no ia.

They tell me that love is little,
Sure, love is nothing, they say,
But oh! and its woe for who feels it
For a month or a week or a day!

Here again is the very cry of a heart forsaken. I must refrain from giving the originals and content myself with translations:

There is growing a tree in the garden
With yellow flowers that shake;
I lay my cold hand on its branches
And feel that my heart must break.

That tree must surely have been the laburnum under which she and her lover exchanged vows, but there is nothing to tell us who he was, when he lived, or whether he proved false or true.

Do we not discover in the following verse the plot of many a three-volume novel, put tersely but not crudely:

I thought, O my hundred affections
That one house for us both, love, would be;
And I thought, after that, I should see, love,
You coaxing my child on your knee.
But the curse of the High King of heaven
On my slanderer's head let it be,
And on all of them, all, all together,
Who thrust in, love, between you and me!

In the following verse, lovers who had been married to those whom they did not love apparently meet, only to acknowledge the utter hopelessness of their mutual affection. I recovered this verse from the singing of a poor woman in the west, who evidently felt the pathos of it, for her eyes filled with tears as she sang it:

"My Noreen, my storeen, my darling,
Can nothing be done for your sake?"
"Not till my man is under the sod,
And till I be at your wife's wake.
Oh, my sorrow! my thousand afflictions!
That your hand is not mine to take
Until my man be under the sod,
And I standing at your wife's wake."

Here is an exquisite example of Folk-song, nearly perfect in form and expression, which I recovered from the singing of a little shrivelled old woman who looked at least a hundred years old and who lived with her daughter, who appeared nearly as old as herself, in a little hut constructed of sods, containing only one room, without a chimney, and built in the wide bog:

My grief on the sea,
How the waves of it roll!
For they heave between me
And the love of my soul.

Abandoned, forsaken,
To grief and to care,
Will the sea ever waken
Relief from despair?

My grief and my trouble!
Would he and I were
In the province of Leinster
Or county of Clare!

Were I and my darling
(Oh heart-bitter wound)
But aboard of the ship
For America bound!

On a green bed of rushes
All last night I lay,
And I flung it abroad
With the heat of the day.

And my love came behind me,
He came from the south,
His breast to my bosom,
His mouth to my mouth.

What makes these folk-songs so intensely interesting is the certainty that they are outbursts of genuine passion on the part of those who composed them. No one knows who these were. All trace of the authorship of these pieces has in almost every case long vanished, but the thoughts that breathe and words that burn have been preserved for us through the prosaic instrumentality of singers who found them suitable for showing off their vocal powers. Indeed, many of these words are sung to the most beautiful (generally plaintive) airs, but not being endowed by nature with a fine enough ear I had to content myself with taking down the words alone. These pieces must have been made, I say, at first-hand; they are the very words used under the stimulus of passion by the people now long dead and forgotten who felt that passion. They are not the work of onlookers, outsiders, or third parties, trying from the demeanor of the principals to imitate what passion was. Had it been so these poems would have been like ninety per cent. of Irish poems, namely, ornate, highly finished, musical, abounding in sensuous rhythm, and full of those tome-deforces so dear to the Irish-Gaelic poet. But they are nothing of the sort. They are the work of men and women—oftenest, I think, of women—who were not poets in the Gaelic sense of the word at all, but who are driven into verse as an outlet for their maddened feelings and aching hearts, and who are either wholly ignorant or else wholly regardless of the elaborate technique of the bard. Their language, while shot through and through with passion, and instinct with feeling, is yet absolutely simple, natural and uninvolved, and no doubt those who made these poems were for the most part people who never worked with pen and ink at all. Possibly the most of them were not far removed from the peasant class, or even belonged to it. That is why, great land of scribes as Ireland was—I wish I could say as Ireland is, but that I cannot—we do not find these poems in manuscript collections. They are, many of them—

"Children of the place
That have no meaning half a mile away."

To compare the verses of conscious art made by a practiced poet, with those of unconscious imagination made by a man whose passion forced him into verse, compare these stanzas done into the meters of the originals. First comes the conscious poet with his inwoven vowel rhymes. He is addressing some beauty, probably, from the allusions to King Shamus (i. e., James); he is singing to some fair one who figured at the court of James II., when that incapable ingrate came over to Ireland to lose the battle of the Boyne and vilify the men who lost their all for him. The bard had apparently heard that her charms had made an impression on the king himself.

My Una a queen is more true than Venus,
For who that seen is can so entice?
O brightest arch in the white nun's march,
You lighted hearts out of Paradise!
You overcame King Shamus your name it was so famous.
The story came to us down the stream.
You stole my rest and my soul from my breast,
O cheek like the berry when mixed with cream.

Compare this elaborate and exaggerated compliment, couched in still more elaborated language, with this natural cry of a peasant lover. The first is taken from a manuscript, the second collected orally.

Nine months did I spend in my prison,
Made fast, fettered tightly and bound
There were bolts on my wrists and my ancles,
There were locks by the thousand all round.
Yet I'd rush like the wave of the tide,
Or I'd leap with the wings of a swan,
Could my side but be set by the side
Of the bride of the red-haired man.

There is no ornateness, no artificiality about this, but the passion of it! at least in the original it is passionate or nothing.

"I denounce," cries some long-forgotten girl—who shall tell us how long ago!—

I denounce love; woe is she who gave it
To the son of yonder woman who never understood it!

"Ah!" cries some long-forgotten man, forced to part from his heart's love,

How well for the birds in all weather!
They rise up on high in the air,
And then sleep upon one bough together,
Without sorrow or trouble or care.
But so it is not in this world
For myself, and my thousand-times fair,
Far away, far apart, from each other,
Each day rises barran and bare.

Melancholy and despair are, as I said, the predominant features in the love lyrics.

To the hills let us go
Where the raven and crow
In the dark, dismal valleys
Croak death-like and low.
By this volume, I swear,
O bright cool of fair hair.
That though solitude shrieked
I should seek for thee there.

To the hills let us go,
Where the raven and crow
In the dark, dismal valleys
Wing silent and slow;
There's no joy in men's fate
But grief grins in the gate.
There's no Fair without Foul,
Without Crooked no Straight.

These various pieces are like the violets that hide their heads under the longer grass—they must be looked for to be found. There is scarcely a glen or mountain—valley or hillside where the ancient language is still spoken today, where countless little gems of music and deep feeling may not be picked up like gold dust washed down by the stream of time, were there anyone to collect them.

Unfortunately the English government in its unceasing efforts to stamp out all Irish characteristics, forbid the language to be taught in the so-called national schools, or at least hamper it with such restrictions that only about fifty schools teach it, and these only to a few of the children. The consequence is that no one is trained to preserve these precious gems of folk-song, but hundreds of thousands are brought up to despise them.

The gallant and ennobling action of Americans of Irish birth, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, in taxing themselves voluntarily last year to the sum of $50,000 to found a Celtic chair in the Catholic University at Washington, will bear a higher and nobler fruit than perhaps they dreamt of. Already within the last month their example has been followed by Mr. Spence, who has most generously contributed $50,000 more to found a chair for the same purpose in the John Hopkins University at Baltimore, and the action of these universities can hardly fail to put to shame that wealthy corporation, Trinity College, Dublin, which with all its enormous wealth contributes nothing to the support or study of the national language of the country in which it is situated and from which it draws its vast wealth.

Now that America has taken action we may expect that this love-literature will no longer remain uncollected and forgotten.

DOUGLAS HYDE.

CATHOLIC CHARITY BALL.

The arrangements for the Catholic Charity Ball are practically complete. When the auction sale of boxes is concluded Saturday afternoon everything will be in readiness for the important annual event. The auction sale will be held at the Auditorium and will be conducted by John T. Keating, chairman of the supplementary box committee of men, which it was found necessary to add to the regular committee. The boxes will all, or nearly all, be sold before the auction takes place and the bidding will be chiefly for position.

The Auditorium will be transformed for the night of the ball, and in addition to being made a ball-room will be superbly fitted and decorated. The scheme of arrangement has been decided upon and the details themselves for the most part worked out. A space fifty feet square will be partitioned off with Oriental and Turkish rugs for use as the women's dressing-room. The improvised apartment will be luxuriously furnished with couches, chairs and small dressing-tables and will represent an outlay of several thousands of dollars. The musicians will have a place in the interior of the hall, which will really be back of the stage, a large landscape hiding them from view. A fence of yellow and white ribbons, the colors of the league, will separate the chairs and promenade from the dancing floor. The hall throughout will also be hung in yellow and white satin ribbons.

All guests attending the ball are expected to dismiss their carriages for the night when they enter the Auditorium. The contract with a livery firm calls for the presence of one hundred first-class carriages and coupes in line at the Auditorium at the close of the ball. The music of the evening will be furnished by the Seventh Regiment military band of seventy-five pieces. Preceding the opening of the ball, during the arrival of the guests, the band will play a concert programme.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

[PUBLISHED WEEKLY.]

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-St.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.00
Six Months.....1.00
Single Copies.....05

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CHICAGO CITIZEN Company.

Official Newspaper of the A. O. H. of Illinois and the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County.

THE CHICAGO CITIZEN Company.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
JOHN J. MAHONEY, WALTER J. GIBBONS,
JOHN T. KEATING, JOHN ROCHE,
JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 27, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Sol Smith Russell.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"At Piney Ridge."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Lillian Russell and Della Fox.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Black Sheep."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Isle of Champagne."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Vaudeville.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—"What Great Britain tramples on in Ireland will rise to sting her in America."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

GALVANIZING A DEAD RAT.

The British diplomats in Washington are still dragging around by the rotten tail that decomposed dead rat of international politics called the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty. It is said, traditionally, that "the English never know when they're whipped," but they ought to know it this time. It is an insult to America to seek to foist upon it the alliance of a nation that has been, and is, its consistent, persistent, unscrupulous enemy. Many American editors—some of them "located" in Chicago—seem dreadfully worried over the failure of the former negotiations. One editor in particular—a wild-eyed pirate of a man—says that the people do not approve of the action of certain senators (meaning Mason, of course) who voted against the treaty. If that editor would allow himself enough time from counting his "ad" shekels to go occasionally among the people he would soon find that he has written himself down an ass of the very largest calibre as to ears. As a matter of fact, the majority of the people don't care a copper dam about the Arbitration Treaty, because they don't believe such an absurdity will ever come to pass. Fortunately the Mugwump-Tory editors of America don't make laws or ratify treaties for the country. It is very fortunate for the United States that this is the case. There are patriotic editors in America, and there may be a few deluded persons among them who really believe in arbitration blather; but there are others who would, we believe, sacrifice the interests of the United States to those of any foreign power that might give them a sufficient price for their treasonable labors.

It is quite certain that the British secret service fund is not confined to the mere vulgarities of Scotland Yard detectivism. England is an avaricious power, but she is ever willing to "throw a sprat to catch a whale." Her policy has always been to buy if she cannot conquer, and to cajole if she can do neither. We firmly believe that she has used loads of money in this country to further her political and commercial schemes, and that some of the funds have found their way into certain editorial sanctums of daily newspapers. We cannot prove this, but we believe it. Otherwise we cannot account for the ring of pro-English newspapers that yelped in grand chorus for the confirmation of the Arbitration Treaty last spring and summer. Their zeal could not have been entirely due to philanthrophy or brotherly love. They and their allies were beaten then, as they will be again, should they dare to renew their diplomatic villainy. We are pleased to observe in the Washington, D. C., Times, of the 15th inst., the following:

"The British government thus early in the season is hard at work preparing for its second campaign in favor of arbitration. After the Olney-Pauncefote treaty of last year failed of ratification, the British foreign office threw up its hands in sanctimonious surprise, exclaiming that the whole proposition emanated from America, and it would be a jolly good long time before Downing street would consent to hear the subject mentioned again. The way in which the proposition had its origin here, was narrated in these columns months ago. It is a beautiful illustration of the depths of British diplomacy. Several years ago, under inspiration from the ministry, a member of parliament, a Mr. Cremer, went around and got a lot of other parliament men to sign a 'round robin,' setting forth the beauties of brotherly love and arbitration. He came over here and lobbied in the Congress for weeks, finally succeeding in getting Senator Sherman to introduce and pass a resolution acknowledging the desirability of such a scheme on fraternal and Christian principles. Senators and members voted for it with a grin, considering it as a mere tommyrotic tribute to pseudo-philanthropical gush. In that way the British government colorably managed to make it appear that the initiative came from this side. Now Mr. Cremer is back again with another paper—a petition this time. We do not fancy that his scheme will fare much better than it has heretofore. It is a piece of smug Foreign Office hypocrisy, and should be handled with tongs to a last resting-place in the Congressional scrap heap."

This Cremer is the instrument of the Foreign Office of England. His allegation that there are 3,500,000 "British workmen" who desire arbitration with America is a perfidious lie. Fully three millions of them hardly know what the word "arbitration" means. They are mere hulks and clods, who have no idea beyond a clay pipe and a mug of black beer. The poor devils willingly sign anything they may be asked to sign—even a petition for the restoration of the Stuarts to the throne of England. "Little Mac" Kinley is into the scheme with Salisbury, Pauncefote & Co., but his head will be very much more like a billiard ball than it is at present when that instrument passes the Senate. McKinley might have made a fairly capable county attorney, but he is a very poor apology for a President of the United States.

OUR JELLY-FISH NATIONAL EXECUTIVE.

We cannot understand how a stern, spartanic, gloomy-browed, aggressive, ponderous patriot, before election, can become an international "jelly-fish" and belly-aching Quaker immediately after it. Yet this is exactly what has happened in the case of our quondam "Jingo," the Hon. William McKinley, late of Canton, O., and now, by the grace of God and the indulgence of the American people, President of the United States. William, who used to be a mighty man of war, is now a howling preacher of peace. These worn-out "old soldiers" who had a belly full of hard-tack and bullets during the civil war, are often poor timber out of which to create executives who will uphold bubblous reputation of American valor even at the cannon's mouth, when it comes to fighting a foreign foe. The very mention of trouble with England sets their teeth a chattering, and even the shadow of a row with Spain gives them a moral palsy. Very old soldiers are not, as a rule, good material for either moral or physical effort. It is notorious that Napoleon's young guard, most of whom never before smelt powder, fought much better than the old guard, both in the last campaign of Germany and at Waterloo. It is not because the youngsters were braver, but because they had more dash and stamina than the old fellows. The latter live much in past glories and believe very little in fresh exertion. They would like to fight on the line of battle with a comfortable arm-chair to sit in. Such is the result of too much gore and glory.

Even Gen. Grant began his first administration with the shibboleth, quoted ad nauseam, "Let us have Peace." Well we have had two and thirty years of peace and what do we amount to in the consideration of the world? Every power on the earth derides us. The Spaniards actually believe they can whip us. The English are not afraid of our warrior prowess, but of the effect of trouble between them and us on their commerce and their American investments. We recall what we did in the past too much—one of the faults of moral and political senility. Our two most recent presidents reflect the character of the nation—commercial, colorless, selfish, money-hungry, unsympathetic—damned with a superfluity of humanly prudence. Whatever little individual character McKinley may have had has taken leave of him since he came to the presidential chair. He believes in "peace and prosperity." So do we, but peace and prosperity fortified by honor. If even a quarter of the tales told of the horrors in Cuba are true, McKinley has no more bowels of compassion for human suffering than a graven image. People used to say he looked like Napoleon. Never were looks more deceptive. A Napoleon, with American modifications, wouldn't stand the atrocities in Cuba an hour.

We do not wish to be understood as advocating a declaration of war on Spain, although, in our opinion, even that might be justifiable under the circumstances; but there is no good reason why the United States should not recognize the belligerency of the brave Cubans so as to win for them the ordinary rights of civilized warfare. If that act of humanity would bring about war with Spain, such a war should be welcomed by any brave and humane people. If we are neither brave nor humane—as would appear from our governmental actions—then, of course, we can only consistently assume the attitude of poltroons and—animals.

CONQUERING ENGLAND WITH HER OWN WEAPONS.

There are various ways of subjugating a nation. The oldest and most familiar is by war, but there is another method quite as effective if not as rapid and England is beginning to feel its effects. Five or six centuries ago, England began to lay the foundations of her great manufacturing system, and it must be confessed that she laid them skilfully and well. Favored by nature with immense stores of coal, iron, tin, etc., her statesmen, with great sagacity, turned their attention to the mechanical arts. Favored also by their insular position which exempted them from the wars which for centuries devastated Europe, they were enabled to devote their time to industrial pursuits in peace. Of course England was involved in many of those continental struggles, but since the barbarous Wars of the Roses, the Cromwellian and Jacobite were the only ones which were fought out on her own soil. The most cruel and inhuman laws were enacted to protect these early industries from foreign competition. Vast, soulless monopolies soon controlled all the staple products; piratical expeditions were sent to all parts of the earth to take advantage of other people's discoveries, and to forcibly seize every spot of land held by weak or savage nations, and in the true spirit of British philanthrophy, appropriate them to their own use by the robber right of conquest.

Colonies were then planted whose sole object was to strengthen the so-called "mother country," their business being to supply her with agricultural and other raw materials, and she was to pay for them with manufactured goods. As these colonies increased in population, their demands for English goods increased in proportion, and as the continental nations were too busily engaged in cutting each others throats to employ themselves in manufacturing, they were also largely dependent on the British for clothing. They divided the world into two classes, themselves of course being first, they were to be the manufacturers par excellence, and the rest of mankind were created to be their customers. A very pleasant arrangement for England while it lasted, and it lasted until it became a truism that English wool clothed all Europe. Even France, the natural enemy of perfidious Albion, was compelled to purchase woolen goods from her. But in the troublous times of the regency of Anne of Austria, when France was rent and torn by the senseless civil wars of the Fronde, a gigantic far-seeing mind was approaching maturity; a mind that was destined to produce more enduring and more beneficent results to his country than all the conquests of his royal master, Louis XIV. This was Jean Baptiste Colbert, the confidential secretary of Cardinal Mazarin, and subsequently minister to Louis XIV. Born and bred in a time when war was the daily occupation of the people of France; when the arts of peace were looked on with contempt, Colbert saw with the prescient eye of genius his country fast sinking into barbarism and brigandage, although as James says in his life of Louis XIV.:

"No country, perhaps, in the world, ever afforded greater facilities for various kinds of manufactures than France. Blessed with a rich and productive soil, which affords nourishment to the artisan at an easy rate; intersected by numerous rivers and frequent streams, producing almost all the articles required in the various manufactures of Europe; rich dies, fine earths, various kinds of minerals, wool of a tolerable degree of firmness, a certain portion of silk, and possessing above all, that infinite variety of climate and soil which is the most favorable circumstance for the development of all kinds of industry. She only required an open market and the opportunity of peace."

How strange it is that all these bountiful gifts of a gracious God were overlooked by the great statesmen and soldiers which France had produced, and that it remained for Colbert, like another Columbus, to discover these unknown riches. It was time he did, as trade had fallen so low that traders were compelled to travel in armed bands from town to town to protect themselves from the robbers who infested every part of the country. Not a single manufactory of importance existed in France, and no cloth was woven except the clothes worn by the peasantry. Colbert changed all this. Bounties were given with great liberality. Then sprang up factories and workshops everywhere manufacturing iron, tin, steel, leather, and mirrors as fine as the celebrated glass of Venice; woolens, worsteds, silks of the very finest quality; carpets equal in beauty and design to the celebrated rugs of Persia and Turkey; and, above all, the superb Gobelin tapestry, which never has been equalled in any part of the world. France at last was no longer dependent on England for anything.

"In the course of human events" the good people of America drove the English out and began housekeeping on their own account, and from being a mere dependent on the kings of Great Britain they sprang at once to such power and greatness as to overtake and pass England in every branch of the mechanical arts, until now we are beating her in her own markets. For example: a few weeks ago a large consignment of steel rails was sold in India. Later New Zealand was invaded by our merchants, and the English beaten there. Then a large quantity of electric appliances were sold in Bristol by Americans. The city of Glasgow advertised for several hundred tons of iron pipes for water mains, and to the surprise and disgust of the cannie Scots Americans had crossed the ocean and captured the contract. The most gratifying of all, however, to Irishmen is that only ten or twelve days ago certain gentlemen came over from Dublin and purchased nearly a million dollars worth of electric appliances for the trolly systems of Ireland's capital city, and these gentlemen declared that after paying all their expenses, coming and going, they saved $25,000 over and above what they would be compelled to pay in England, and besides, they declared that the American were far superior to any such appliances that could be procured in England.

Thus is the old enemy being driven out of her colonial, and worse still her home markets. We may add that Germany is driving England out of the South American and South African markets, and it goes without saying that France, Belgium, Holland and Russia are cutting England out of scores of markets which she used to claim as her own. The result of all this fierce competition is that the British operatives are being compelled to work for starvation wages, and are, so to speak, living from hand to mouth. The worst of all this is that there is no hope of any improvement for them. On the contrary, it is in the very nature of things that their condition will become surely and steadily worse, until the English government will have to face a situation infinitely worse than any they have ever met in their whole history. Now couple all this with the openly admitted fact that at no time has England more than three weeks supply of provisions in her storehouses, and it is not difficult to see that she stands on the very verge of wholesale ruin. It may be deferred for a time, so long as war with any great power is avoided, but let that war come, and it will come (it was only by humiliating herself to the dust that it was averted during the disgraceful Greek imbroglio), and then the first move of her enemy will be to destroy her corn-laden ships. She can live three weeks, and then what? According to the confessions made openly in parliament her streets would be filled with starving men, women and children, and her government would be on its knees begging for peace at any price. This picture is not overdrawn in the slightest degree. Not a fact given in this article can be refuted, and the writer and his readers may live to see the realization of these predictions.

PROPOSED BRITISH ARMY INCREASE

Recent London despatches state that it is intended to ask parliament at its next session for an increase in the English army of about 30 per cent. This will be no surprise to anyone who knows the utter inadequacy of the present force, and the duties it is called on to perform. As we stated in a recent article, there are only 74,000 regulars in India. The Afridi uprising, the numerous desertions from the native troops to their insurgent countrymen, bringing their arms and ammunition with them, and the widespread discontent which prevails throughout the country has much to do with the demand for an increase in the regular forces. We look for very plain speaking when the question comes up for debate; many pertinent, and impertinent, questions will be asked as to the necessity of an increase of the army in a time of profound peace? Just as if England ever is at peace. It will be shown what an expensive luxury that same army is on a so-called peace footing. Last year it cost $104,703,000, or about $3 per capita for every man, woman and child in Great Britain and Ireland, that is if the British should pay (which they never do) their fair share of the public burdens. On the contrary, they rob Ireland of about $15,000,000 per annum, over and above its equitable share. Then they compel India to pay enormously for the privilege of being plundered and starved to death. As a specimen of what Salisbury's administration may expect in the debate, a London paper recently remarked: "The money will be granted when the government shows that the people are getting the worth of their money."

But we opine that the money will be granted whether the country is getting the worth of its money or not. It will be very difficult to show how either Ireland or India gets the worth of its money, but as both are subject provinces their voices are of no account whatever, their business being to toil and suffer in the interest of their unscrupulous task masters. All that will be necessary to justify parliament in voting the sum demanded will be to raise a cry of revenge against the Afridis, the Boers, the Soudanese, or any other people who object to being compelled to accept freely a generous supply of British "bibles and bayonets;" then the "chaw bacons" will join in the howl; British "Christianity" will raise its pious voice in the interest of religion, and in the name of the God of peace and love, will demand that bloody revenge be taken on the brave men who have committed the unpardonable crime of defending their homes against the ruthless invaders of their native land. How can parliament refuse to grant the money needed in such a holy cause? It never has, and will not now. But after the money is advanced the question will still remain, where are the men to be found? Commenting on this the New York Sun says:

"The reduction of the population of Ireland by half and the displacement of the Scotch crofters by deer, in the interest of sport, have destroyed the sources that furnished the best fighting material that ever gathered under the British flag. As the predominating partner in the United Kingdom and in the advantages to be derived from the maintenance of the British empire, it would appear only fair that the English people should now take on their own shoulders the proportionate share of the burden of sustaining it. Hitherto it has been almost wholly borne by the minority partners and the subject races of India. It will be very interesting to see whether the English people will be as ready to furnish the men as Lord Salisbury's majority in the house of commons will be found ready to vote the money."

The predominating partner has always shown a laudable desire to shift the financial responsibility to the shoulders of the "minority partners," and they carefully stand aside and allow them to do the fighting also. If ever there was a time when the young men of Ireland should sternly resist the lying allurements of the recruiting sergeant that time is the present. If the remnant of the Scotch Highlanders desire to waste themselves in fighting for their ancient enemy, that is their business; but every sentiment of honor and patriotism calls on the youth of Ireland to remain at home, and let the English and Scotch do their own fighting. In no other way can they so grandly do honor to the heroes of '98. If our voice could penetrate throughout the length and breadth of dear old Ireland, we would implore our young brethren to call up the holy memories of the heroic past; the examples of their glorious sires; their hatred of the British enemy, "their sorrows, wrongs and battles," and swear by the honored names of their sires that they will not support the accursed cause, and flag, which they sacrificed their lives to defeat. We would add to this our earnest entreaty to crush out the bane of our race, disunion, and unite in one sacred bond of fraternal love and holy union for Ireland and her cause, and against the enemy, the only enemy the country has or ever had.

"Step together, be your tramp
Firm and true, no plodding stamp—
Noise befits not hall nor camp,
Eagles soar on silent feather,
Step light, left, right!
Steady boys and step together."

THE following headlines from a far western paper are among the things which disgust all good Americans: "The Queen's Illness; Her Majesty is said to be the victim of an annoying disease." Who is this queen? Who is her majesty who is said to be the victim of an annoying disease which this western Jenkins sagely informs his readers is "Umbilical Hernia," whatever that may be? If these startling headers appeared in "Lunnon, dontcherknow," one would understand that the over-aged female who fills (to overflowing) the British throne was the person referred to. If they appeared in Spain, Portugal, Holland, Sweden, Belgium or even in the Sandwich Islands a few years ago there would be no difficulty in locating the queen who is afflicted with "Umbilical Hernia." But, as by the blessing of God, we are not afflicted with a queen, with or without "Umbilical Hernia," we are at a loss to know what queen this western jackass means. Will he enlighten our ignorance and relieve our anxiety?

WE heartily congratulate our friend, the Hon. James K. McGuire, on his triumphant re-election as mayor of the thriving city of Syracuse, N. Y. He made a gallant fight and deserved to succeed. Syracuse has never had an abler mayor than this gifted young Irish-American.

As we have already stated the British parliament will be asked at its next session to increase the military appropriations, with the intention of adding about one-third to the regular army. It seems as if there is great doubt as to the possibility of procuring the men to supply the demand, and in their desperation the English papers are suggesting the advisability of offering bounties to the Irish and Scotch to induce them to rally round "the felon flag." Are we to suppose from this extraordinary effort that the "chaw bacons" will patriotically offer themselves as victims on the altar of their country "free gratis for nothing," or will they not bite at the glittering bait at all, and allow the Irish and Scotch to swallow it, and the "glory" as well? We presume they will prefer to remain out of reach of danger, and let the junior partners do the fighting as usual. We will watch with the deepest interest to see how many of our young countrymen will sell themselves like mere "Dugald Dalgetty's" for so much a piece to serve the old enemy. If they desire to add more and more disgrace to their country they will soon have the opportunity; or if they have the manly ambition to resist the vile "mess of pottage" and scorn "the blood-stained Saxon shilling," now is the time to do so like patriotic citizens of the future Irish Republic, and gain the love and esteem of the good and true of their own exiled race, and the good wishes of the lovers of freedom all over the world.

WERE we gifted with the spirit of prophesy a few days ago, when we said that the silence which hung over the Upper Nile was ominous of trouble to the English in that region? Dark rumors come floating from that mysterious desert country which fill England with dread of coming disaster. The truth cannot be concealed any longer, that a sudden halt has been called, and that no further move will be made at present. Reinforcements are loudly called for and none are forthcoming, the Afridi uprising being given as the reason why troops cannot be sent; but reinforcements are never called for unless there has been great loss of men or that the opposing force is much greater than was expected. One of these two events must have occurred. Anyhow it is cheering to know that difficulties are thickening round the path of this universal land pirate, and that they may become thicker and thicker is our ardent desire.

THE IRISH FAIR.

But a few more days remain before the great Irish Fair will be a thing of reality. During the past week different divisions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians have been actively engaged in completing arrangements. In the matter of soliciting for the many varied contributions which will grace the Fair and add to the income, many ladies have taken a personal interest, and have extended their services to such an extent that the management has now such a collection of eatables and other articles which can be disposed of profitably, that a handsome sum is sure to be realized.

Every division within the limits of Cook county have appointed special committees, the members of which have made it their business to visit all manufacturing concerns for the purpose of securing substantial contributions as the Division donation.

Money contributions have been forthcoming liberally among the Irish-Americans of Chicago, and it is a pleasing feature to record the fact that no solicitor has been "turned down" by any of the individuals approached. Everybody is in sympathy with the movement, and everybody is manifesting due appreciation in a manner that will lend substantially to the success of the great undertaking.

When the doors of Battery D and the Second regiment armory are thrown open on Saturday, Dec. 4, the visitor will be treated to the most eleborate display of Irish relics and the products of the Irish-Americans of this city ever before attempted.

Everything, of course, will be Irish. There will be Irish stews, Irish teas, Irish shamrocks and shillalahs, Irish jigs and Irish jaunting cars. Lectures will be delivered by Irish men. Irish dishes will be served by Irish damsels. Everybody connected with the enterprise in a business way will be attired in green.

As the programme stands at the present time, the visitor will have more to see than he can comfortably look over during the first or second visit, many features having been introduced during the past few days. Of these, an Irish village, such as any tourist who has visited the old country has seen, will be produced. Little tots will romp and frolic on the grass, while their mothers will attend the household duties. This will be a reproduction of typical Irish life, and is calculated to bring back memories of long ago.

In one corner of Battery D there will be a genuine Irish restaurant, where nothing but Irish dishes will be cooked and served. The waitresses in this establishment will be Irish maids, who will attend to their duties in the picturesque garb of the Irish lassie.

The Irish soil, about which so much speculation has been aroused, will arrive on the steamship Adriatic at New York on Saturday. Already agents of the Irish Fair have started on their way East to assume charge of this unique consignment.

In the line of amusements, the Irish Fair will be liberally enlivened. The Irish concerts in the Second Regiment armory are calculated to be enjoyable tokens to the thousands of Irish-Americans who will be in attendance during the Fair season.

A word about the booth may be of interest to the readers of THE CITIZEN at this time. The booths will all be of an elaborate design, and will be presided over by pretty girls, who will demonstrate and attempt to dispose of the many articles donated to the enterprise.

The man who goes to the Fair and withstands the irresistible importunities of the coaxing beauties will be an unheard of quantity in Chicago. As soon as he enters the building, be he young or old, handsome or otherwise, he will be surrounded by a bevy of the girls, who will each endeavor to outdo one another in a friendly spirit of rivalry.

However, as all these girls are daughters of prominent members of the A. O. H., their progressive method of securing funds for the Emmet Memorial Hall will not be criticized by the visitor.

In the following issue of THE CITIZEN the names of the men and women who have been actively engaged in the work of raising funds and donations for the success of the Irish Fair will be printed in full, with the list of donors and the different varieties of exhibits which will be placed on view.

No High Altitudes or Snow Blockades

Via the route of "Sunset Limited," the finest three-day California train. Write today for illustrated pamphlet. Chicago & Alton ticket office, 101 Adams street; Southern Pacific ticket office, 238 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION

[*To the Editor.*]

The County Board of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union held its regular meeting last Sunday afternoon in Handel hall. Every society was represented. St. Anne's society report six new members at their last meeting, all proposed by Father Crimmins. The Annunciation reported an increase of two new members. The St. Monica's Ladies T. A. society have gained ten members since the last meeting, and the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Father Mathew T. A. society in the short time organized have a roll call of sixty-five names, and so on down the list of T. A. societies in the Cook County Board. All the societies are gaining new members. After some discussion the following resolution, introduced by John T. Cunneen, was adopted:

Resolved, That we congratulate the clergy and societies that prohibit the use and sale of intoxicating liquors at affairs given under their auspices, and we commend their action to others who are behind the times; who are violators of the decrees of the church; who are promoters of the business that causes nine-tenths of our poverty and seven-tenths of our crime, and stop in their mad rush for lucre bringing shame upon religion. The number is few but the more shame upon them.

P. B. Flanagan, W. J. Gibbons, W. F. Stanton, James S. Slattery, E. F. Tobin and others made eloquent and forceful speeces in favor of the resolution. The next meeting of the County Board will be held Sunday afternoon, Nov. 28, at 2:30 in Handel hall.

The mission for the Married Men's retreat has been a grand success. Rev. Father Casserly, S. J., gave the mission and urged the men of the Holy Family parish to join either the T. A. societies or the League of the Cross, and to take the temperance pledge not to treat or be treated. It is to be hoped that the advice of Father Casserly will be heeded, and if it is we will have less of poverty, crime and distress in our city this winter than we have ever had. Let our societies take up the work and go from house to house gathering in members.

AGNES THOMPSON,
Vice-Pres. County Board.

ENDORSES THE MISSION OF MISS MAUD GONNE.

At a recent meeting of the City Council of the Irish National Federation of America, held at 47 West Forty-second street, New York, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the two-fold objects of Miss Gonne's mission are worthy the support of all true Irish Nationalists, and we ask for her a warm and generous support wherever she may appear before our people.

Resolved, That the struggle for civil, religious and national liberty begun by the Society of United Irishmen is the struggle of today under changed political conditions, and we request all true Nationalists in Ireland to insist that no hair-splitting policy of proscription and exclusion shall be permitted to weaken the force of effectiveness of the National Commemoration of the Heroes of '98.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY NOTES.

The Catholic University at Washington has received from the Duc deLoubat, through the authorities of Columbia University, a very valuable ethnological publication containing splendid fac similies in great folio of the American ethnological curiosities in the Trocadero Museum at Paris. These important specimens of American aboriginal life are accompanied by learned dissertations from the pen of Mr. E. Hamy, Director of the Ethnological Museum of the Trocadero, an acknowledged authority on all such matters.

The Duc de Loubat has been a constant and intelligent benefactor of the Catholic University from its foundation. He founded a scholarship in Theology for the Archdiocese of New York, for which purpose he gave $5,000. He presented to the university the splendid statue of Leo III. that graces McMahon hall; one of the noblest pieces of sculpture to be found in the United States. He also gave a copy of his splendid Medallic History of the United States. Another gift from him to the university was a facsimile copy of the great Vatican Mexican MMS. He has put the university on the list of great schools to which must be sent copies of the learned dissertations produced on his various academical foundations in Europe and America. In many ways, this truly princely gentleman has shown a deep interest in our institution, and he deserves the thanks not only of the professors and the students of the Catholic University, but also of all its friends and well-wishers throughout the world. There is no fame so lasting as that which comes from the foundations of educational institutions or the support and countenance given to them, especially in their earliest days when sympathy and co-operation are especially useful. The Duc de Loubat belongs to the school of generous men who prefer to see their wealth used for the elevation of ther fellow men, and who secure what is practically an imperishable administration of their funds by confining them to great educational corporations which can never die, and which have but one reason for their existence, namely, the perfection of the great schools entrusted to their care. Such men were Robert Sorbonne, whose name still crowns and consecrates the glorious work of higher education in France; Wolsey, to whom Oxford owes so much; Mazarin, Cardinal Frederic Borromeo, Colbert, and so many other benefactors of men of learning and of academical institutions.

Rev. Dr. Shahan, Professor of Church History at the university, contributed to the Philadelphia Press, of Nov. 15, a lenghty article concerning the Acts of Pilate. It was called forth by the publication of a document purporting to be the original letter of Pilate to Tiberius. Dr. Shahan's article explained quite fully the origin of the very early Christian belief in the existences of some letter or report of Pilate to Tiberius, as well as the later history of the Pilate legend in the middle ages, and the practical hopelessness of ever learning more about the correspondence, true or imaginary, between Pilate and Tiberius. In an editorial note the Press says that "Dr. Shahan's luminous discussion of the Pontius Pilate legend and the early literature referring to it gives the final blow to the recent forgery, purporting to be the actual trascription of the report of Pilate on the crucifixion."

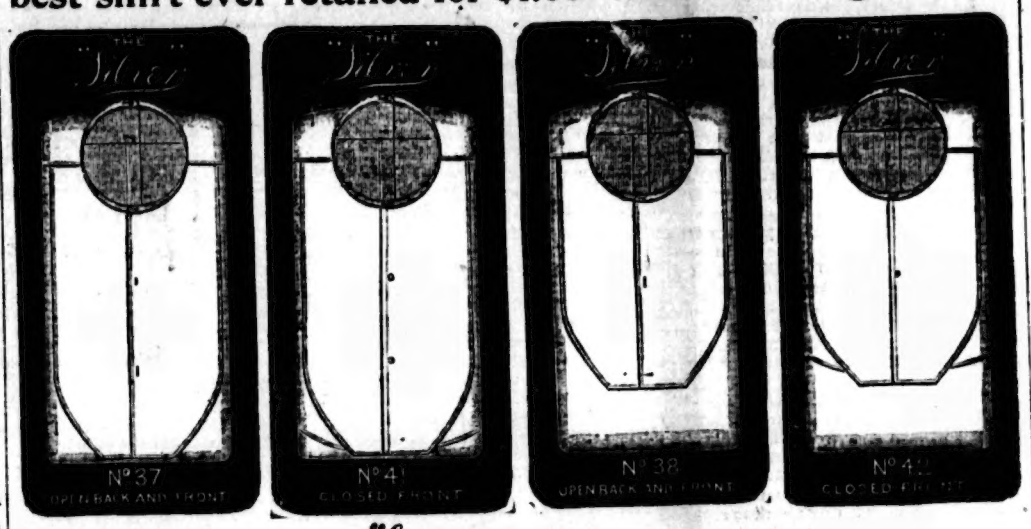
On Wednesday afternoon the Right Rev. Rector, Mgr. Conaty, opened the lecture course at Mt. de Sales Academy, Catonsville, Md. Mgr. Conaty warned his audience against the pernicious literature of the present day, and advised them to so prepare themselves by study as to be able, when they take their places in society, to give solid reasons for the faith that is in them. On the same evening, at 8 o'clock, he delivered an address before the St. Paul Union, of Washington.

The Sunday afternoon sermons at the university were resumed last Sunday in the Divinity chapel, Caldwell hall, Rev. Paul P. Aylward, of St. Paul, being the first to preach. His subject was the "Existence of God."

Mr. Charles Riedinger, of Detroit, a student of the Law School, read an interesting paper on mythology before the University Club on Thursday evening, and at the same meeting Rev. V. Shannon, of Chicago, read an essay on "Materialism in Modern Science."

The Perfect Fitting White Shirt.

"The Silver" Brand is known the world over to be the best shirt ever retailed for $1.00--All sleeve lengths.



Ask your dealer for a "The Silver" Brand and you will be sure to get a garment that will give you entire satisfaction--Do not take a substitute--said to be just as good.

PERSONAL.

Several transfers of property recently recorded close up some of the holdings of Mr. P. Henagard, a North Side real estate dealer. Mr. Henagard is one of the best known business men in Chicago. For some years prior to 1871 he was very successful and had accumulated valuable property, but, like many others, he lost everything in the great fire, but being a firm believer in Chicago's future greatness., he continued to invest in real estate and was enabled to recoup his losses. While his transactions have mostly been of a personal nature, his long and wide experience in North Side real estate matters is such that his judgment is much sought after by prospective buyers. Mr. Henagard is a well-preserved man, about 70 years of age, and while he does not intend to entirely abandon the commercial world, he has decided to curtail his business interests, and has very generously given to each of his three daughters a valuable piece of property. To Mary A., wife of Simon J. Forhan, the property at 1103 Osgood street; to Miss R. Jennie, that at 27 East Erie street, and to Miss Sara V. L., wife of Louis E. Gosselin, the homestead at 1710 Diverseyave. Mr. and Mrs. Henagan will continue to reside at 1710 Diversey avenue, where visiting friends are always sure of a hearty welcome.

Donations for Irish Fair.

At the last regular meeting of Div. 8, A.O.H., the following members were appointed a committee to represent this division to receive and solicit donations for the Irish Fair to be held at Battery D, Dec. 4 to 18. Any person who wishes to donate any article of value to be disposed of, or curiosity to be returned, may submit the same to any one of the committee: T. J. Sherlock, chairman, 193 Dearborn avenue; J. J. O'Shea, secretary, 1969 North Clark street; Jas. Burns, 185 Dearborn street; J. S. Hyland, 325 Dearborn street; M. H. Fitzgerald, 661 West Chicago avenue; Jas. Mulvey, 171 Dearborn avenue.

J. J. SHERLOCK, Sec. Div. 8.

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

OBITUARY.

MRS. JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Mrs. John Boyle O'Reilly died suddenly last Monday morning at her residence in Boston, Mass. She had been sick two days of pneumonia, but was not regarded as seriously ill. She had not been in good health since the death of her husband, more than seven years ago. She took that event greatly to heart. Mrs. O'Reilly was born in Charlestown, Mass., in 1851. Before she was 20 years old she had written some for magazines and weeklies, and later she wrote a great deal for the Boston Pilot. She met Mr. O'Reilly when he was editor of that paper. She leaves four children, the eldest daughter, Mollie, already well known as a writer of children's stories.

DR. MICHAEL C. O'TOOLE.

Dr. Michael C. O'Toole, of San Francisco, Cal., the distinguished surgeon and oculist, died last Sunday night in that city. The cause of death was pneumonia. He was ill only four days. Dr. O'Toole was a native of Wexford, Ireland, and was 65 years of age. He was a member of many scientific societies and an active worker in the Irish cause.

NORTH SIDE HIBERNIANS.

Division 8 can scarcely chronicle a greater success than that which crowned the fourth annual reception and ball held in North Side Turner hall on the evening of the 6th inst. Prof. O'Connor's orchestra furnished the music. President O'Sullivan was happy when he marched at the head of the procession with pretty Miss Dawson leaning on his arm. The dedication of the dances, from "Welcome" to "Home, Sweet Home" was a work of well-displayed taste, and showed much tact and judgment on the part of those in charge. Treasurer McHugh's pleased expression bodes well for favorable financial returns, for the astute guardian of the money box is not wont to smile in such cases unless "Klondike" is coming his way. There was no cessation of festivities from the opening quadrille until the closing waltz, which formed the initial and terminal events on a programme of twenty-four numbers.

At the coming Irish Fair, to be held under the auspices of the A. O. H. of Cook county, in Battery D, from Dec. 4 to Dec. 14, Div. 8 has drawn County Antrim as their table, and the dashing young cavaliers of the North Side expect to win high laurels for their county as well as for the colleens who will join them in their good work. The object for which the Fair is to be held—the erection of a hall in Chicago to be known as the Emmet Memorial Hall—is one which appeals as strongly, and let us hope as successfully, to the heart of every Irishwoman as it does to that of every Irishman in the city. "Emmet" is a name to conjure by. J. J. S.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

The fourth annual meeting of the Irish-American Lyceum will be held in American hall, 77 Thirty-first street, at 8:15 o'clock, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 30, at which officers for the coming year will be elected. A full attendance of members is requested, as subjects of importance to the Lyceum will be discussed, and a very appropriate debate and attractive musical programme have been arranged. Members and friends will please note that this meeting will be held on Tuesday evening, instead of Thursday, as heretofore, in order not to conflict with Thanksgiving celebrations.

Div. 37, A. O. H., and the Irish Fair.

A grand rally of Div. 37, A. O. H., for the coming Irish Fair, to be held on the 4th prox., at the Battery D armory, was held at Coffey's hall, Sixty-third and Halsted streets, Sunday afternoon, Nov. 14, and was well attended. Committees were appointed to take charge of the different sections of the district allotted to Div. 37 and the fixing up of the portion of the work allotted to them, viz., the booth representing the State of Illinois. After Chairman Ryan gave substantial instructions to the various committees, the meeting adjourned to meet Sunday, the 28th inst, at the same time and place.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

DR. A. F. CONROY,
DENTIST,
McVicker's Theatre Building,
ROOM 20

Set of Teeth	$4.00
Best Set	8.00
22k. Gold Crowns	4.75
Silver Filling	.30
Gold Filling	1.00
Bridge Work, per tooth	5.00
Gold Plates	30.00

Harelip or Cleft, Palate Cancers, Tumors and all diseases of the mouth a Specialty. Consultation Free. Children's teeth examined free on Saturday from 2 to 4 p. m

THOMAS M'INERNEY & SONS,
(LATE OF M'INERNEY BROS.)
Undertaking and Livery.
Embalming a Specialty.
1050 STATE-ST. Telephone Yards 886.
Open Day and Night.

JAMES C. DOOLEY,
Justice of the Peace and Attorney at Law,
145 W. MADISON-ST., COR. UNION.
TELEPHONE MAIN 1853.
Legal Papers Drawn and Chattel Mortgages Acknowledged.

JOHN M. SMYTH CO.,
Dealers in
HOUSEHOLD GOODS,
PIANOS AND ORGANS,
150 to 166 West Madison Street,
Near Halsted.

P. B. FLANAGAN, ATTORNEY, 1315-17 ASHLAND BLOCK.

ESTATE OF ELIZABETH FARRELL, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Elizabeth Farrell, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1898, being the 17th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 24, 1897.
MARY F. CRONKHITE,
Administratrix.

P. B. Flanagan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF TIMOTHY FARRELL, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Timothy Farrell, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1898, being the 17th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 24, 1897.
MARY F. CRONKHITE, Executrix.

P. B. Flanagan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF EDWARD McCORMICK, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Edward McCormick, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1898, being the 17th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 24, 1897.
CATHERINE McCORMICK,
Administratrix.

P. B. Flanagan, Attorney.

MATTHEW P. BRADY, SOLICITOR, 601-602 OXFORD BUILDING.

ESTATE OF LENA FRANK, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Lena Frank, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Cour room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1898, being the 17th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 24, 1897.
SAMUEL C. PEISER,
Administrator.

Matthew P. Brady, Solicitor.

THE GREAT IRISH FAIR

Under the Auspices of the

Ancient Order Hibernians,

DEC. 4 TO 18, 1897,

BATTERY D AND 2ND REGIMENT ARMORY,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE ERECTION OF

EMMET MEMORIAL HALL

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

LAWRENCE HENELY, CHAIRMAN. JOHN T. KEATING, SECRETARY.
M. E. LYNCH, TREASURER.
P. J. REYNOLDS. W. J. DOHERTY, F. J. CONROY, J. J. LAMB.

For Full Particulars Address

F. L. MAGUIRE, Manager,

225 DEARBORN STREET ROOM 623.

Telephone Harrison 122.

IRISH EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

Established in 1893.

Under the Auspices of the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County.

HEADQUARTERS

at Rooms 10, 12 and 14 Quinlan Building,

81 S. CLARK ST.

All Employers Who Desire the Services of Deserving Irish-American Men and Women will be supplied with Competent Help on application to the Manager, Daniel O'Connor, at the above address.

No Charge to Employer or Employed. Services Absolutely free of cost.

TELEPHONE MAIN 4092.

FROM IRELAND DIRECT.

DUBLIN AND COUNTY.

On Monday, Oct. 25, the Michaelmas Sittings opened in the Four Courts. The opening day of the present term was remarkable as following a long vacation in which several important constitutional changes in the Irish judicature came into effect, the Exchequer Division having been amalgamated with the Queen's Bench, and the Probate and Matrimonial Division and the Bankruptcy Court having also been merged in the Queen's Bench. These changes involve a good deal of additional work in the alteration of order and other court forms.

The annual meeting of the friends and supporters of the Catholic Boys' Brigade was held on Oct. 24 in the hall of the organizantion, on Church street. There was a very large attendance. Prior to the meeting there was a parade of the brigade in the grounds adjoining the hall. The muster of the lads and their exercises were witnessed with great interest by a large crowd of people. The brigade was drilled by Mr. Murphy, general drill instructor.

COUNTY ANTRIM.

On Oct. 25 a man named Joseph Tollerton fell fifteen feet at Workman & Clark's shipbuilding yard, Belfast, and sustained severe injuries to the head, neck and body. He was removed to the Royal hospital, where he died soon after admission.

COUNTY CORK.

A shocking accident occurred on the 24th ult. on the Cork & Muskerry Light Railway. It was discovered, when the last train stopped at the station near the city, that a man's body was firmly wedged between the wheel and woodwork of the carriage. One leg and a portion of the jaw were missing, the intestines protruded, and the body was otherwise fearfully mutilated. When a search was made the missing leg was found about two miles from the city on the railway track. It is not known whether deceased—who appeared to belong to the farming class—fell from the train or was on the line when the train was passing. The body was unidentified.

The cause of Independence gained a signal victory in Skibbereen on Nov. 5 by the unanimous election of Mr. Timothy Sheehy to the chairmanship of the town commission. The outgoing chairman, Dr. Jennings, J. P., failed to put in an appearance.

COUNTY TIPPERARY.

At a meeting of the Cashel town commissioners, held last week, Mr. Andrew Hanley was unanimously re-elected chairman.

At a meeting of the Nenagh Board of Guardians last week, a letter was read from Mr. J. H. Sheehan tendering his resignation as clerk of the union, a position he had held for forty-five years. The guardians expressed unanimous regret at Mr. Sheehan's determination, and paid a high tribute to the admirable manner in which he had discharged the duties of his office.

COUNTY KERRY.

A man named Patrick Keating, who was engaged in loading seaweed at Waterville, got on top of the load to fix the seaweed when the horse attached to the cart suddenly bolted, hurling the unfortunate man to the ground. A few men who witnessed the accident carried Keating to the residence of Dr. Millerick, who, on examination, found life to be extinct.

COUNTY GALWAY.

A young man named Walter Burke, aged 30 years, son of a farmer of Turlough, left his father's house one night recently, and not returning, some members of the family went in search and found him lying face downwards in a drain on the farm dead. No explanation can be given as to how the fatality occurred.

COUNTY LIMERICK.

The Mayor held court on Monday, Oct. 25, to revise the list of burgesses, and the name of Mr. John Daly, a candidate for the office of mayor for 1898, was not allowed on the list, as he is but rated for twelve months to Aug. 31 last. Mr. Whelan, T.C. for Irishtown Ward, was also objected to as being but rated for £8, the qualification of a burgess being £10. His name was stricken off.

The tenants on the Mount Trenchard estate of Lord Monteagle have availed themselves of the clauses of the Land Purchase acts, and agreed to purchase their holdings at seventeen years' purchase. Many of the tenants have, according to the report, bought in on the terms stated, the purchase being on the judicial rent.

COUNTY KILDARE.

At a special court, held in Clane, George Fitzsimons was charged with having shot William Plummer. Some words passed between them as to the price of a drink. Fifteen grains of shot lodged in Plummer's body, but the injuries were not serious. It transpired that Fitzsimons was of unsound mind, and he was committed to a lunatic asylum.

COUNTY TYRONE.

A farmer named John Condy, residing in the townland of Eskiagh, between Dungannon and Ballygawley, committed suicide by hanging himself. Information of the affair was sent to the authorities, and an inquest was held by Coroner John Malone, Cookstown, and the jury found that deceased committed suicide while temporarily insane.

COUNTY DERRY.

A man named James Rodgers, of Ballynafilly, was found drowned near Draperstown last week. The deceased was employed in Martin's flax mills. There were only a few inches of water, but it seems that in falling the unfortunate man hit his head against a large stone, which must have rendered him unconscious. Coroner McIvor, Moneymore, held an inquest, and the jury found that death was due to drowning.

COUNTY KILKENNY.

An accident, caused by the collapse of a scaffolding, occurred recently in Kilkenny, resulting in serious injuries to four tradesmen. The men were engaged in painting the roof of a new dining-hall in course of erection at St. Kieran's college when the scaffolding gave way, and the unfortunate men were precipitated to the ground, a distance of forty feet. They received very severe injuries, one having his leg broken and his back seriously hurt. Three of the injured men were conveyed to the county infirmary.

KING'S COUNTY.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Mr. James Browne, T. C., to the town magistracy of Birr, a position that the gentleman named has occupied for three years previously.

COUNTY WEXFORD.

At the meeting of the Wexford Board of Guardians a communication was received from the local government board stating with regard to the proposed purchase of "Trench's Remedy" for the use of a patient they must decline to sanction the expenditure of public rates upon secret remedies of any kind.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Private Compartment Cars,

Barber shop, buffet, library, ladies' parlor and observation cars on "Sunset Limited." Only three days to California, twice a week. Complete particulars at Chicago & Alton ticket office, 101 Adams street; Southern Pacific ticket office, 238 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

How to Live Long.

Fix deeply in mind the grand truth that life power rules the body and that it alone can cure disease.

Life power lives on air, water and food only. All else is hurtful.

Make cleanliness your motto and watch against filth in both house and grounds.

Few starve for food, but many for air. Breathe deeply a hundred times daily. Wear no tight clothing. Above all, ventilate your sleeping room.

Beware of gluttony. If the appetite is dull, eat fruit only or eat nothing. Use no fiery condiments, but live chiefly on natural grains, vegetables and fruits. Never ask your stomach to chew your food—employ your teeth. Adorn your table not only with viands, but with flowers and smiles and kindly words.

Deformity is not awkwardness only, but danger. A high chest will give freedom to breathing and digestion and help to cure many diseases.

Thick blood causes colds and countless other diseases. Keep the lungs active by deep breathing, the skin by baths and friction, the kidneys by free drafts of warm water, the bowels by correct eating, and the blood will be pure.

Spend part of each day in muscular work, part in study and part in good deeds to men.—New York Ledger.

A Beautiful Cretan Custom.

One of the curious Cretan customs which prevail on the eve of every insurrection is known as adelphopoiesis, or fraternization. One of its immediate results is the cessation of all feuds, enmity and rancor. It is carried out as follows: A number of individuals choose a young girl, who must be pretty—no difficult matter in Crete. They inform her parents of their intention, and the needful consent is never withheld. Then a priest is sent for and told to begin the ceremony. He takes a very long girdle and joins all the men with it in a circle in the center of which the young girl is placed. Then the clergyman recites a number of prayers and winds up by giving his benediction to all present. The moment he pronounces the last amen the circle and its center stand in the relation of brothers and sister to each other to all religious and social intents and purposes. Each and every one of the males is bound in honor—and a Cretan knows no more sacred obligation—to protect that girl throughout her life, but none of them can ever take her for his wife. She is and remains their sister in the eyes of the priest and people to the end of her days, but they must also stand by and succor each other, and if needs be at the cost of life itself.—Fortnightly Review.

Reward of Literature.

Among the women writers of the capital there is one young matron whose name is very well known. A few months ago she sent a short story to a magazine which presented itself as an untried field. By and by she received notification that the story had been accepted and that in payment thereof her name had been put on the subscription list for one year. The author immediately returned answer that the compensation was not adequate.

"Dear madam," the editor wrote back, "yours of such a date received. We have put your name on the subscription list for two copies each month."

And for fear that further correspondence would burden her with three copies of the magazine she was forced to be content with that.—Washington Post.

Cement Pipes.

Cement pipes are made cheaply by an ingenious process devised by a French inventor. A trench is dug and the bottom filled with cement mortar. On this is placed a rubber tube covered with canvas and inflated. The trench is then filled up with cement. As soon as this is set the air is let out of the rubber tube, which is then removed and used again in another section. By this method 6 inch pipes have been made at a cost of 22 cents a yard.

DESPERADO CLARK.

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE CRIMINALS OF HIS TIME.

A Daring and Coolness That Have Seldom Been Equaled—Hanged at Last For Murder—The Refined and Pious Woman Who Mourned Him.

There lived in this city until a few years ago, and may be living here still, a frail, careworn little woman whose life had been linked with one of the most unhappy and yet most interesting romances in the annals of this century's crime. She was the wife of John Clark, one of the most remarkable criminals of his time. Although a thoroughly respectable, well educated and high minded woman and a devout member of the church, she lived with him for years, tried her best to reform him, sought to protect him from the officers who were ever on his trail and was faithful to him to the end.

Clark was the son of a prosperous business man in Rochester. When he was a boy, he figured in all sorts of wild escapades, was arrested several times for small offenses and had developed into a professional crook before he was 20 years old. One of his most notable traits was his love of display. He was small and slender, with clean cut features and black, curling hair. He always wore a silk hat, a low cut vest, white kid gloves and small, pointed shoes that pinched his tiny feet. He also wore several large diamonds on his fingers and shirt front. When he was still very young, but long after his reputation had made him a terror to the town, he eloped with his cousin, a beautiful young girl, carefully reared. It was a short honeymoon. The authorities were too hot on his trail to allow him to prolong his stay with his wife, so, leaving her with friends, he set out again on his travels. From that time until his death his visits to his wife were far apart and uncertain. He was too busy carrying out his bold plans for robbery to stay long in the town.

Jailer John Cawthra of Rochester, who knew Clark well and was present when he was hanged in that town, in conversation recalled the desperado.

"Clark was the nerviest man I ever knew," said the old jailer. "When he was on one of his visits in Rochester, he was walking one day through the arcade, right in the center of the town. It was crowded with people, and they all knew who he was. With his gay clothes and handsome face he was very conspicuous. He was walking with a girl—he was a great man for the girls—and he was twirling a cigarette in his mouth. A big, strapping man passed them, looked back into the girl's face and smiled. That angered Clark. Without a moment's hesitation he drew a revolver from his pocket and fired. The bullet knocked off two of the man's fingers. Clark wiped the revolver with his handkerchief, put it back in his pocket, and, telling the girl to wait a moment, stopped to relight his cigarette. He was as cool as if nothing had happened, and you can bet there was no one around there who dared touch him. They knew he was John Clark and that he wouldn't hesitate to fire again on the slightest provocation.

"Clark made a great deal of money from his robberies. He took something like $30,000 out of Mexico, most of it from a bank. He was arrested in one of the southern states and lodged in jail, but he escaped before he had been there a day. Later he was caught in this city and locked up in the Tombs. How he got out no one knows to this day. There were charges enough against him at the time to send him to prison for the rest of his life. There are those who knew Clark well who say he made at least $100,000 by robbing houses and banks. He was, in my opinion, the most skillful burglar of his time. I well remember one night when a business man of Rochester was robbed by him. The man's house was on East avenue, the best street of the town. Clark discovered that he kept a good sized roll of bank notes in his clothes all the time. The man was in the habit of sitting up far into the night, and when Clark appeared on the scene to enter the house he discovered the owner in a dressing gown, with his back to the window, reading. This discovery, however, did not discourage Clark. He went away and came back with a long stick, to which were fastened a string and a hook. Suddenly the man inside looked up to see his trousers, with his roll of bills in them, going swiftly through the air and out of the window. He must have thought they were bewitched, for he could not see for the moment the string and the stick. As soon as he had recovered his self possession he ran out to look for the thief, but it was no use. Clark was far away by that time.

"Clark was cornered in Rochester at last. He had just returned from one of his long tours of burglary through the country. He was seen coming out of the house where his wife lived, and two or three policemen went in pursuit of him. When they cornered him in an alley, he turned and shot one of them dead.

"All the time he was in jail awaiting the execution of his sentence to be hanged his wife was a daily visitor. She is still a handsome woman, with an air of refinement and good breeding about her. He was the coolest man I ever saw on the scaffold. He walked up the steps smoking a cigarette and smiling as if he enjoyed himself. 'Just wait till I finish this smoke and I'm ready,' he remarked. They let him finish it.

"His death broke his poor wife's heart. I saw her two or three years afterward, and she was wrinkled and old, and the gray was beginning to come into her hair. She drifted to this city, and perhaps she is here yet."—New York Sun.

In the Belgium parliament when a member is making a long speech he may be supplied with brandy and water at government expense.

GREAT ON DOG SALMON.

But When It Came to Tyhee the Razorback Overmatched Himself.

Fish catching pigs are as common along the Puget sound waters as kingfishers are on an eastern trout stream. Why, I had an old razorback hog when I was out there that I'll bet could go out any day in any of the streams that tumble into Puget sound and catch more 15 pound salmon in 20 minutes than the best fisherman on the whole Jersey coast can kill bluefish in a whole day.

I owned quite a number of sawmills on the sound, and although there were a good many crack razorback fish catchers there I stood ready any time to back mine with my last mill against any other one, bar none, that could be brought on. That hog as a fisherman was simply a wonder, and he never caught anything but salmon. They were salmon that probably you and I would not care to eat, for they were a trifle weak and slightly under the weather—maybe the hookbill, but more than likely the dog salmon. And hogs are not the only four footed fishers for these out there either, not by a big sight. I have seen, within a distance of less than a mile along one of those Puget sound streams, half a dozen bears, a family or two of wildcats, a whole colony of raccoons, not a few wolves, besides a dozen or more razorback hogs, to say nothing of a score or so of eagles, all engaged in the sport of fishing for dog salmon.

But, speaking of that particular razorback salmon catcher of mine, he got so expert at landing dog salmon and hookbills and humpies and similar kinds that he got the big head and thought he'd try his hand, or rather his snout, on a run of fresh tyhees or chinooks. These are the boss salmon, and the nice, yellow, savory chaps you get in the cans they ship from out there. When he is feeling good, and that is pretty much all the time, you might as well take a fall out of your sawmill as fool with a tyhee. He doesn't think a thing of weighing 50 pounds, and he travels in processions so big that along in June, when he is going up the streams to the spawning beds, you can almost walk across a stream on the backs.

That hog of mine got it into his head that he was cut out for better things than yanking weak and tired dog salmon out of water and that tyhee were about his size. I saw him making his way one day very leisurely to a stream that ran toward the sound just back of my mill, and I thought it was a little queer, for there wasn't much in his foraging line in that direction. I was busy, though, and paid no attention to the matter. A minute or two later I heard the hog give a loud squeal of distress, and, looking in that direction, I saw him in the water, struggling to get away from something that had hold of him. I ran to give him some help and got there just in time to see the razorback jerked head first under the water and disappear beneath the surface like a stone.

A dead tyhee, maybe a 20 pounder, lay half on the shore and half in the water. Marks on it showed that the hog must have captured it. But tyhees weren't invalid dog salmon, and a couple of the captured fish's traveling companions, in my opinion, had rushed to its assistance. Aid was too late and vengeance took its place. The avenging tyhees had just reached out and taken Mr. Razorback by the neck, and, in spite of his resistance, had lugged him in and drowned him. He floated down half an hour or so later and was a little the worst looking pig I have ever seen. If he had been butchered, scalded, scraped and half dressed, he couldn't have looked more torn up. He was the only razorback I ever knew or heard of that tried to fish for tyhees. I was sorry to lose him, for I was counting on making a good deal of money on him, backing him in his line against all comers, but his ambition was fatal to all my hopes.—New York Sun.

Rich Man, Poor Man.

A short time ago a man who had seen better days approached several benevolent looking gentlemen at a well known hotel, asking for a meal. Each one repulsed him, until finally a reporter, who had just been paid off, invited him to have a snack with him. It was a good snack, too, and it took all the reporter's money, but he said it was a satisfaction to him to know that the poor man had one square meal at last. The incident reminded me of the rich man who told the poor man to work. He said he couldn't get work, but still the rich man said, "You must work." Some time after the rich man fell into the water and called to the poor man to rescue him. "Swim," said the poor man. "But I can't swim," said the rich man. "Well," said the poor man, "you must swim." When a man asks alms, it is always well to consider that some day the situation may be reversed, and then the man who can't swim must drown.—Boston Traveler.

A Spider Story.

In one of the splendid rooms of the palace of Potsdam one of the decorations is the figure of a large spider wrought in gold. According to the Portland Oregonian a tradition as picturesque and interesting as that told of David of Israel and Robert Bruce attaches to this piece of work. It commemorates an incident in the life of Frederick William, the granduncle of the present emperor of Germany. An attempt had been made to poison him in a cup of chocolate. By chance a spider fell into the cup, and for this reason the beverage was given to a dog, who, immediately upon taking it, died. The cook was afterward hanged, and the golden spider in the Potsdam palace immortalizes the incident.

The Only Thing to Say.

"There," said the lady, pointing to the wood pile, "how does that strike you?"

"Madam," responded Mr. Perry Pattettic, "I never saw the like."—Indianapolis Journal.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

10c 25c 50c

ALL DRUGGISTS

A $7.00 BOOK of EUGENE FIELD'S POEMS

Handsomely Illustrated by 32 of the World's Greatest Artists.

GIVEN FREE

to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund. Subscriptions as low as $1.00 will entitle the donor to this handsome volume (cloth bound, size 8x11) as a souvenir certificate of subscription to the fund toward building a monument to the Beloved Poet of Childhood

But for the noble contributions of the world's greatest artists this book could not have been manufactured for less than $7.

Address EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND, 422 Fort Dearborn Building, Chicago, Ill.

Mention this journal, as advertisement is inserted as our contribution.

A NEW WOMAN.

She's up to date and strictly new,
And yet she's not aflame with zeal.
She wears no skirt that's sewed in two,
She is not skilled to ride a wheel.
Her sex's wrongs she does not feel.
No public scheme her thoughts pursue,
And yet, the fact I can't conceal,
She's very new.

Her soul's ideals are scant and few,
Yet not by man is she controlled,
And, though her eyes are deeply blue,
No occult force her glances hold.
She cares not for the days of old,
Nor does the future charm her view.
She does not work for fame or gold,
And yet she's new.

All homage at her shrine is due.
Her claim no mortal dares to scorn.
She from the infinite takes her cue.
She's fresh as earth's primeval morn.
She faces life with powers unworn,
For, now to prove my statements true,
It's scarce one moon since she was born.
You see, she's new!

—Marion Couthony Smith in New York Sun.

A YOUTHFUL EXEGETE.

His Interpretation of the Scriptures Was Not Orthodox.

Strange are the workings of the infant mind. The little son of a well known naval officer stationed here has advanced a new version of an old text. The wife's mother, who makes her home with her daughter, is of the old school, a dear creature, with puffs and caps, who reads her Bible from preference. It is a custom for her to teach her little grandson every day a verse from the Bible, and on Saturday of last week the verse selected was:

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

The child had unusual difficulty in committing the verse, but, once mastered, it must have settled deep into the very largest brain cell possessed by the little fellow.

Sunday morning the youngster came, fresh, white and starched, from his nurse's hands and was deposited on the front porch until the family assembled for church. Emerging at the last moment, the mother was horrified at the sight of her small offspring seated upon the terrace, digging with all his might into the moist ground.

"Baby, baby, come here this minute. Don't you know it is naughty to play on Sunday and get yourself all dirt?" cried the mother.

The little fellow looked up with a puzzled air and made answer, "Why, muvver, dear, I is digging holes for Sunday."

"Digging holes for Sunday? What nonsense! You bad, bad little son," returned the mother, none too gently, trying to rescue the once immaculate suit.

"Now, muvver, dear, I did learn ve verse from grandma, and it was 'Remember ve Sabbath day to keep it holy,' and I is only digging ve holes for Sunday to make it holy, and I isn't a bad 'ittle son at all."

There was a suspicious trembling about the mouth, but it is needless to relate that the little philosopher was caught in his mother's arms and kissed before the cry developed and that he was given two plates of dessert for his Sunday dinner, all because of his original theory.—Washington Star.

In Sir Walter Scott's Mail Bag.

Some letters from the fair sex caused Sir Walter Scott at least as much amusement as annoyance. In his earlier years "a mad woman from about Alnwick," by dint of letters and plans, first extracted from him a guinea for a charity, then sent him the manuscript of a curious novel, which he was to publish in his own name, and of which he was to take half the profits. Finally, on his declining the partnership, she suggested he should take shares in a medicine for babies, her own invention. Dread of participation in "such a Herodlike affair" drove Scott to decline the honor of future correspondence with the lady.

On a March day in his fatal year, 1826, Sir Walter answered two modest requests from widow ladies. One of these, presuming on a former slight acquaintance with his mother, desired that he should impress on Peel, then home secretary, the merits of her second son, whom he was to represent as "fit for any situation in a public office." The second lady, who had already perused "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake," engaged, in return for a suitable provision for her son's education, to read all her benefactor's other works. After dealing with these letters, Scott felt himself constrained to record his conviction that "your destitute widow, especially if she hath a charge of children and one or two fit for patronage, is one of the most impudent animals living."—Temple Bar.

Amusing Ignorance.

The written civil service examinations for policemen in New York have been sneered at as a part of a visionary scheme. The ignorance displayed by some of the unsuccessful applicants for appointment might have had free course in an official position, however, and to the public loss, had no such test been used. Extracts from what these applicants for police service wrote about Abraham Lincoln include some extraordinary statements. One wrote:

"He has bin a Presented of New York city." Another declared that in 1865 Lincoln was "nomanited in place of Buckhanan wnoe's term of office expired in that year."

"Mr. Lincoln," according to another applicant, "had many engagements in war and was bound to be victorious, especially at the battle of Gettysburg, when he swept all before him."

Of Lincoln's tragic death it was variously said that he was killed "at Chicago 1864," also that he "was assisated in 1877 at foards Theater Boston;" shot in "Booth's theater in Philadelphia;" "died at his home in Long Branch." The assassin is spoken of as "Garfield," "Geteay" and "Decota."

One candidate said Lincoln "let the Dorkey go fred," another that he "fred all the negros in the world." In general the applicants seem to have agreed, as one wrote, that "we have sertinly had very fiew like unto Lincoln."—Youth's Companion.

A Famous Old Church.

At Alexandria, Va., stands an ancient church in nearly its original condition, Christ church, whose architect bore the name of Wren—not, however, Sir Christopher. It was completed in 1773. In November, 1766, the vestry, of whom George Washington was one, levied an assessment of 31,185 pounds of tobacco to build two churches, Christ church being one. The specifications called for shingles of juniper, mortar to be two-thirds lime and one-third sand, the pediments to be in the Tuscan, and altar, pulpit and canopy in the Ionic, order. Washington was the purchaser of pew No. 5, for £36 10s.

The old records show some curious entries: Two pounds ten shillings was collected of Bryan Fairfax in 1770 for "killing deer out of season," and Thomas Lewis was fined 5 shillings for "hunting on the Sabbath." The money thus collected went for the support of the poor, the lame and the blind, and buried the dead. The old records show that seats were assigned according to rank or for special reasons. One Susannah Edwards officiated as sexton, to the entire satisfaction of the congregation. The old edifice had neither chimney nor fireplace until 1812, foot stoves furnishing the only warmth. The most conspicuous families in the early history of Virginia were worshipers at Christ church—the Adamses, Herberts, Custises, Blackburns, Carlyles, Muirs, Broadwaters, Alexanders and others equally prominent.

General Robert E. Lee attended Sunday school and was baptized and confirmed in this church, and a tablet to his memory adorns the eastern wall.

During the occupancy of Alexandria by the Federal troops the rector and many of the parish fled within the Confederate lines. The church was held by the military authorities. A large mound in the churchyard marks the resting place of 34 Confederate soldiers who died in Federal hospitals in Alexandria.—Harper's Weekly.

No Flaws In This Receipt.

There is a passage in the following paper which might strike the casual observer as something facetious, but he is assured that no such effect was in mind when the sentence was indited. The paper referred to is a receipt originally given by an enterprising firm of Harrisburg druggists, and the form used was in common vogue at the time. Thus it runs.

Received July 21st, 1775, of Mr. David Scarlet, the sum of £200, in full of all accts. since the year One, when the Devil was a suckling baby, up to this day, being after the celebration of Independency. FENTON & HUNT.

Longevity to Washington and God save the Congress.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not an Absolute Necessity.

"Only 14 quarts of milk for $1 hereafter?" exclaimed Ardup. "Well, we'll simply have to quit taking it, that's all. We can't afford it. People can live without milk."

And Ardup's indignation was so great that he did not cool off thoroughly until after he had gone down town and spent 50 cents playing billiards.—Chicago Tribune.

SAMPLE CORPSE.

Scheme of an Ohio Undertaker For Advertising Embalming.

An Ohio undertaker named Pearce doesn't allow sentiment to interfere with business. He can't see why the shoemaker adjoining his establishment should advertise his skill by displaying his samples, or the tailor across the street hang his latest sartorial confection in his front window, while the embalmer's good work has to find a lodgment beneath six feet of earth almost as soon as it has been accomplished.

Mark Twain, when he was shown the mummy of a Pharaoh who lived in the time of Moses, shrugged his shoulders with contemptuous indifference and remarked to the curator of the museum:

"Haven't you got a corpse that is a little fresher?"

All Mark has to do is to visit the funeral direction establishment of Mr. Pearce at Ardmore. There he will probably find something more to his fastidious fancy in the shape of a sample of embalming, kept on view by Mr. Pearce for inspection by his customers. The "subject" has now done service for a period of three years, and the proprietor confidently expects that it will last as long as he remains in business.

The body in question has been in the very warmest workroom of his establishment all this while, and the leather-like flesh of the corpse is totally free from odor or putrefaction. Some say the hair on a body will grow after death. This probably originated in the mind of a dramatist or novelist, who wanted to sensationalize his readers to sell his books, for there lies Mr. Pearce's dead man, with his very last hair cut the same as it was two or three years ago. Then some say that the hair will fall out, but you couldn't pull the hair out of that body with tweezers. Each hair seems to be particularly riveted into the hardening leather and bone. Even the fuzzy, lighter hairs of all other parts of the body remain the same as they were at death.

Formaldeheyde, a product of wood alcohol, and a comparatively recent product, is the fluid with which the body was embalmed, and Mr. Pearce says that there is now a fluid, with other elements added, that is far better than the 140 ounces, or a little over one gallon—$3 worth—of the formaldeheyde used for the dessication of the body in question.—New York Herald.

A New Use For Organ Grinders.

A well dressed woman lately entered a Paris jeweler's shop and asked to see some valuable gold pins. While she was examining them a man began playing a barrel organ before the door. The music seemed to annoy the lady, and, stepping to the door, she threw a piece of money to the man and told him to go away, which he did at once.

On returning to the counter she said that none of the pins suited her, but that as some compensation for the trouble she had given she would buy a brooch. She accordingly chose one, paid 10 francs for it and was leaving the shop when the jeweler missed a diamond pin of great value from among those she had been examining. He accordingly stopped his customer, who seemed highly indignant and insisted on the proprietor's wife searching her, which was done, but no pin was found.

The jeweler then set his sister to watch the woman, who was seen to enter another jeweler's shop, and was pretending to make a purchase when the organ grinder made his appearance. As soon as he began playing she again threw some money and ordered him to move on, but the person who was watching her perceived that with the money she had given the man a piece of jewelry. This was at once made known to the police, who arrested both, and on searching the man they found several articles of stolen property.—Paris Letter.

What Squirrels Eat.

Squirrels do not entirely subsist on nuts, as most people suppose. They are largely fruit eaters, and occasionally work big havoc in the orchards at the fall of the year. They are not above stealing partridge eggs, and on this account are not beloved by the sportsman. Even poultry, when they stray, as they often will, and lay eggs beyond the confines of the poultry yard, suffer from attacks of squirrels when the mother bird is away. In pine tree districts these little climbers are fond of splitting the pine cones and eating the seeds thereof.

But above all things squirrels are fond of fungus. They will not have anything to say to the common or garden mushroom, but confidently devour the most yellow and poisonous looking of toadstools that grow in damp woods and fields. They never store these, for they know well that fungi will not keep. They devour them greedily as they come to light and revisit the spot as soon as fresh spawn renews the fungus. There are, however, many kinds of toadstools that squirrels know to be poisonous, and these they will not touch.—Detroit Free Press.

Interesting Information.

"The reason they make so much fuss over my birthday," explained Kitty to the young man in the parlor who was waiting for somebody else, "is that I've only had six. Sister's had 32, and she's so used to 'em she don't even mention 'em. How many birthdays have you had, Mr. Spoonamore?"—Chicago Tribune.

The Canadian department of agriculture estimates the population of the Dominion to be 5,125,438, a gain of rather less than 300,000 since the census of 1891. In 1890 there were two states of the Union that exceeded Canada in population—New York, with 5,997,853 inhabitants, and Pennsylvania, with 5,258,014.

Frogs and toads have remarakbly acute hearing. The slightest noise in the vicinity of a pond will at once attract the attention of the frogs and put them on their guard.

Society Directory

ANCIENT ORDER HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av., Chicago, Ill.
State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.
State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1238 Gaty av., East St. Louis, Ill.
State Treasurer, James Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

COOK COUNTY OFFICERS.

County President, Lawrence Henely, Twenty-seventh-st. and Lake Shore.
County Vice-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh st.
County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, Jos. J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 West Erie st.
Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.
Doorkeeper, William Barrett.
The County Board meets on the Second Sunday of each month at No. 83 Madison st., Hall 2, at 3 o'clock p. m.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

DIVISION 1.

President, M. J. Maloney, 120 Randolph st., Room 306.
Vice-President, Michael Tuohy.
Recording Secretary, J. Barry, 250 Fifth av.
Financial Secretary, William Territt, 387 South May st.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First and Third Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller sts., at 8 p.m.

DIVISION 2.

President, John J. Hanrahan, 3721 Vincennes av.
Vice-President, Peter E. Farrelly.
Recording Secretary, Edward Brady, 3721 Vincennes av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick J. Spallon, 2836 Calumet av.
Treasurer, Bernard Gibney.
Meets First Friday of each month in Drexel hall, 3913 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 3.

President, James J. Perkins, 561 Elston av.
Vice-President, R. T. Giblen.
Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 West North av.
Financial Secretary, E. S. Hanrahan, 765 Dickson st.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
Meets First and Third Mondays in Flynn's hall, cor. Robey st. and North av. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 4.

President, Michael Blake, 708 Thirty-first st.
Vice-President, Patrick Farrell.
Recording Secretary, Martin Farrell, 2551 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins, 730 S. Centre av.
Treasurer, Robert Dore.
Meets First Thursday of each month in Ryan's hall, cor. Halsted st. and Archer av., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 5.

President, H. K. Jordan, 208 Centre av.
Vice-President, William Martin.
Recording Secretary, J. T. Stanton, 190 Clark st.
Financial Secretary, E. F. Riordan, 1222 Unity Building.
Treasurer, J. J. Mahony.
Meets First Thursday each month in Curtis' hall, Halsted and Congress sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 6.

President, P. G. Maguire, 4465 Princeton av.
Vice-President, John Doody.
Recording Secty, M. Golden, 4417 Union av.
Financial Sec'y, J. F. Ryan, 729 Dexter av.
Treasurer, M. F. Fanning.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Meehan's hall, 4341 S. Halsted st., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 7.

President, Wm. Sullivan, 445 S. Paulina st.
Vice-President, Patrick Behan.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2703 Hickory st.
Financial Secretary, James E. O'Brien, 979 W. Twelfth st.
Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth st., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 8.

President, P. J. O'Sullivan, 180 LaSalle av.
Vice-President, Owen Devaney.
Recording Secretary, John J. Sherlock, 193 Dearborn av.
Financial Secretary, Owen J. Cullen, 501 School st., Gross Park, Ill.
Treasurer, R. G. McHugh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays at 62 N. Clark st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 9.

President, Thomas A. Foley, 9226 Commercial av.
Vice-President, P. T. O'Sullivan.
Recording Secretary, P. M. Nelson, 9739 Escanaba av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas White, 532 Ninety-fifth st.
Treasurer, Owen Ahern.
Meets First and Third Fridays in Union Bank Building, 227 Ninety-second st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 10.

President, P. J. Cummings, 4100 State st.
Vice-President, James Small.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Horan, 704 Dexter av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas Galligan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
Meets First Friday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 11.

President, James F. Murray, 590 W. Erie st.
Vice-President, John F. Walsh.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Quinn, 510 W. Erie st.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby, 386 N. Lincoln st.
Treasurer, M. J. Connery.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays in Anchor hall, Grand av. and Paulina sts., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 12.

President, Rev. D. J. Crimmins, Fifty-fifth st. and Wentworth av.
Vice-President, P. B. Flanagan.
Recording Secretary, Daniel Collins, 3524 State st.
Financial Secretary, M. F. Fanning, 4226 Indiana av.
Treasurer, M. S. Flanegan.
Meets First and Third Mondays at S.W. corner Thirty-ninth st. and Wentworthav., 8 p.m.

DIVISION 13.

President, John E. Long, 2901 Archer av.
Vice-President, P. F. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Simon J. Maloney, 3031 Pitney av.
Financial Secretary, George A. Hickey.
Treasurer, D. J. Sullivan.
Meets First and Third Thurdays in K. of P. hall, 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 14.

President, P. J. Buck, 2218 Dearborn st.
Vice-President, E. J. Hanley.
Recording Secretary, John F. Wright, 50 Canalport av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. McGuire, 5435 LaSalle st.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First Sunday at 3 p. m. and Third Monday at 8 p. m. in Franklin hall, State and Eighteenth sts.

DIVISION 15.

President, James W. Breen, 5241 Morgan st.
Vice-President, John Kane.
Recording Secretary, Michael Sullivan, 5748 Sherman st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas Cunnea, 503 Twenty-seventh st.
Treasurer, Michael Duffy.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Michaussen's hall, Fifty-first and Peoria sts.

DIVISION 16.

President, James A. Flanagan, 3819 Aldine place.
Vice-President, P. Hughes.
Recording Secretary, Barney Cogan, 3819 Aldine place.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Meaney, 1453 W. Forty-seventh st.
Treasurer, William O'Shea.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Cox's hall, Forty-seventh st. and Ashland av., 3 p.m.

DIVISION 17.

President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av.
Vice-President, Bernard Burk.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burk, 309 Thirty-first st.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First Wednesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av.

DIVISION 18.

President, Martin Loftus, 2240 W. Kinzie st.
Vice-President, Robert J. Williams.
Recording Secretary, P. J. Dineen, 2184 W. Lake st.
Financial Secretary, John Ryan, 75 Lytle st.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at 2160 W. Lake st. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.

President James, Thomas, 4527 Dryer st.
Vice-President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Michael Kinlry, 3753 Butler st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 20.

President, J. J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
Vice-President, John O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, M. Sullivan, 2801 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. McDonald, 551 Twenty-eighth st.
Treasurer, M. D. O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at Twenty-ninth st. and Union av. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 21.

President, Ed O'Connor, 1256 N. Robey st.
Vice-President, Barney Leonard.
Recording Secretary, Owen Graham, 1191 Clybourn av.
Financial Secretary, James Gayer, 1853 N. Seeley av.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday in Keuhl's hall, Clybourn and Ashland avs., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 22.

President, T. H. Finnegan, Lemont, Ill.
Vice-President, James Redmond.
Recording Secretary, Ed O'Donnell, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, John McGaulley, Lemont, Ill.
Treasurer, James Noonan.
Meets First Sunday each month in School hall, Lemont, Ill., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 23.

President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 West Forty-seventh st.
Vice-President, John McGeoghehan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4051 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James Buckley, 823 W. Forty-eighth st.
Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday each month at 4650 Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 24.

President, J. W. Farley, LaGrange, Ill.
Vice-President, M. Galvin.
Recording Secretary, W. T. Ryan, Lyons.
Financial Secretary, T. W. Breen, LaGrange.
Treasurer, Patrick Close.
Meets First Monday each month in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 25.

President, William Mulligan, 723 W. Twenty-second st.
Vice-Poesident, Timothy Dunn.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Heallon, 1105 Blue Island av.
Financial Secretary, James Egan, 111 West Twenty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Joseph O'Brien.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, Twenty-second and Robey sts.

DIVISION 26.

President, P. J. Reynolds, 5411 Dearborn st.
Vice-President, Dennis Lynch.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick O'Neill, 5322 Dearborn st.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets 24 Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27

President, John Bigane, 1974 Thirty-ninth st.
Vice-President, P. J. Morgan.
Recording Secretary, David Brodrick, 3923 Hart st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney, Archer and Western avs.
Treasurer, John Larney.
Meets First Saturday each month in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 28.

President, F. T. Nichol, 343 Hastings st.
Vice-President, John Flanagan.
Recording Secretary, Ed Quinn, 1487 West Congress st.
Financial Secretary, Martin O'Mara, 145 Lytle st.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in DeSoto hall, 1292 W. VanBuren st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 29.

President, Patrick Keyes, Kensington.
Vice-President, Daniel Galvin.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1329, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully, Pullman.
Treasurer, Charles Corkery.
Meets First and Fourth Tuesdays in Holy Rosary church basement at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

President, Thos. Heelan, 10810 Calhoun av.
Vice-President, J. O'Keefe.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av., at 2 p. m.

DIVISION 31.

President, P. C. Desmond, 641 Park av.
Vice-President, James O'Neill.
Recording Secretary, A. J. Malone, 255 Walnut st.
Financial Secretary, Arthur Maguire, Park and Oakley avs.
Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Conway's hall, N. E. corner Lake st. and Western av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 33.

President, William Cunnea, 5630 Drexel av.
Pice-President, Patrick Ryan.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Clifford, 6710 Evans av.
Financial Secretary, John Foley.
Treasurer, C. Fitzgerald.
Meets First and Third Tuesdays in Forester's hall, 6512 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 34.

President, Miles McPadden, 236 S. Sangamon st.
Vice-President, John Slattery.
Recording Sec'y, E. J. Rice, 593 Fulton st.
Financial Sec'y, M. J. O'Shea, 401 Washington boulevard.
Treasurer, Michael Moore.
Meets Second Saturday at 8 p.m. and Fourth Sunday at 3 p. m. in Doherty's hall, 446 West Twelfth st.

DIVISION 35.

President, John T. Sheehan, 928 38th st.
Vice-President, M. J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3656 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 36.

President, J. T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.
Vice-President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Thomas H. Ryan, 6947 Addison av.
Financial Secretary, Michael P. Breen, 536 Fifty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Bagley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.

President, John P. Dohney, 6359 Honore st.
Vice-President, James McInerney.
Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen, 6428 Morgan st.
Financial Sec'y, M. H. Hoey, 6546 Union av
Treasurer, John R. McNamara.
Meets Second Thursday each month in Coffey's hall, Sixty-third and Halsted sts., 8 p.m.

LADIES' AUXILIARY.

DIVISION 23.

President, Miss Sabina Harkins, Lemont, Ill.
Vice-President, Miss Sara Kain.
Recording Secretary, Miss Maggie Murphy, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, Miss Minnie Cull.
Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Boyle.
Sentinel, Miss Mamie Kelleher.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Miss Maggie Mulcahy.
Meets the Second and Fourth Sunday each month in St. Patrick's hall, Lemont, at 3 p.m.

HIBERNIAN KNIGHTS.

COMPANY A.

Captain, A. J. Connolly, 4714 Loomis st.
First Lieutenant, P. H. Sheridan.
Second Lieutenant, P. J. O'Brien.

COMPANY B.

Captain, Patrick Kennedy.
First Lieutenant, James Thomas.
Second Lieutenant, Jeremiah O'Shea.

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.

81 SOUTH CLARK ST., ROOMS 10, 12, 14.

President, John T. Keating.
Vice-President, J. E. Long.
Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy.
Corresponding Secretary, A. Donoghue.
Treasurer, John Roche.
Trustees, John Foley, James C. Strain, J. J. Gubbins.
Directors, John F. Finerty, J. J. Mahoney, Thos. Gallagher, M. E. Lynch, John McNeff, Thomas Keeley, John McCaffery, Redmund Smithwick, John P. Coan, J. R. McNamara, M. D., Wm. H. Joyce.

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER.

If you are not already a subscriber, fill out the subjoined order blank and send it to this office with your check, registered cash or money order. If you are a subscriber, cut it out and send it to a friend who may desire to subscribe for the Irish National organ of the Great West, namely THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

ORDER BLANK.

PLEASE SEND ME THE CHICAGO CITIZEN FOR ONE YEAR.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

DATE .....

CANTWELL EAGLE BREWING CO.

404 to 416 E. Twenty-fifth St.

We do not belong to any Syndicate. Are perfectly independent.

TRY OUR EAGLE BRAND OF BEER

Telephone South 831.

CALIFORNIA IN 3 Days VIA THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

FAST TRAINS equipped with Double Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars and Tourist Sleeping Cars THROUGH WITHOUT CHANGE Dining Cars and Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars Leave Chicago EVERY DAY.

CITY TICKET OFFICE 208 CLARK ST. CHICAGO.

CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY

Fortune Bro.'s Brewing Co.

BREWERS OF

Lager Beer.

Van Buren, Desplaines and Pearce Sts.

OFFICE: 225 DESPLAINES STREET.

CHICAGO.

COOKE BREWING CO.,

27th St. and Cottage Grove Av.

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

BREWERS AND BOTTLERS OF "COOKE'S IMPERIAL BEER."

This Beer was awarded the GOLD MEDAL, together with seven of the HIGHEST AWARDS, which the Cooke Brg. Co. received at World's Columbian Exposition, held at Chicago, Illinois, A. D. 1893. The Medals and Awards were received on the strength of the Chemical Analysis made by the U. S. Government Chemist, which is a guarantee to the public of its purity and healthful qualities.

McAVOY BREWING COMPANY

2349 South Park Avenue.

PURE LAGER BEER. FINE BOTTLED EXPORT.

AUSTIN J. DOYLE, President.
ADAM ORTLEIPER, Vice-President.
E. T. HELLANY, Secretary and Treasurer.

Telephone South 257.

RUDOLPH BRAND, Pres. & Treas. GEORGE W. KELLNER, Vice-Pres.
AUSTIN J. DOYLE, General Manager.

UNITED STATES BREWING CO.,

Brewers of

FINE LAGER BEER.

Telephones:

Main Office, Harrison 706. Brand Branch, West 285. Bartholomæ & Leicht Branch, North 216. Bartholomæ & Roesing Branch, Main 4079. Ernst Bros. Branch, North 405. K. G. Schmidt Branch, North 409. Val Blatz Chicago Branch, Main 4357.

JOSEPH SCHLITZ Brewing Company,

MILWAUKEE.

Represented by

Edward G. Uihlein,

Corner Erie and Union Sts. Chicago

CONRAD SEIPP Brewing Company,

FOOT OF 27th STREET,

CHICAGO, ILL.

Telephone 8350.

BREWERS and BOTTLERS of the CELEBRATED BAVARIAN and SALVATOR BEER. PILSENER BEER

DEVLIN COAL COMPANY

Toluca Coal.....

Quality the • Best •

Special Prices to Dealers and all large Consumers. Family and Individual . . . orders also receive prompt and satisfactory attention

• General Office •

426 Marquette Bldg. • • Chicago.

P. V. FITZPATRICK'S IRISH BOOK LIST.

A Man's Foes; A Tale of the Siege of Derry, paper, price	$ .50
Autobiography of Theobald Wolfe Tone; 1763-1798, 2 vols.	6 00
A Life Spent for Ireland; W. J. O'Neill Daunt; portrait	2 00
Ballads of Ireland; Collected by Edward Hayes; 2 vols.	3 00
Banim's Works Complete, 10 vols., cloth; set	10 00
Bards of the Gael and Gall; Edited by Dr. George Sigerson	2 00
Brehon Laws; Edited by Lawrence Grinnell, Q. C.	10 00
Carleton's Works Complete, 10 vols., cloth; set	2 00
Charles O'Malley, by Lever, with 44 engravings on steel	2 00
England's Wealth, Ireland's Poverty; by Thos. Lough, M.P.; Diagrams	1 50
French Invasion of Ireland in 1798; by Gribayedoff	1 50
Giraldus Combrensis; Historical Works	1 50
Griffin's, Gerald, Complete Works, 10 vols., set	10 00
Harry Lorrequer; by Lever, with 24 engravings on steel	2 00
History of Ireland; by MacGeoghegan and Mitchel; 2 vols., half Mor	6 00
History of Ireland; by D'Arcy McGee; 2 vols.	3 00
History of Ireland; by Geoffrey Keating; 1 vol. (scarce)	5 00
History of Ireland; by Thomas Moore; 2 vols., cloth	3 00
History of Ireland; by Martin Haverty; 1 vol., 8 vo., cloth	400
History of Ireland; by Sylvester O'Halloran; half mor	6 00
History of Ireland; Earliest Times to 1608; by Dr. P. W. Joyce	3 50
History of Ireland; by Sister M. F. Clare (Cusack); 1 vol	2 00
History of Ireland; The Past; by S. E. B. Bouverie-Pusey; paper	.50
History of the English Parliament, including Ireland and Scotland	6 00
Hero Tales of Ireland; Collected by Jeremiah Curtin	2 00
Irish Rebels in English Prisons; O'Donovan Rossa	1 50
Irish Song Book, with original Irish airs set to music; Graves	1 50
Ireland; by Hon. Emily Lawless; Story of the Nation	1 50
Knocknagow; by Charles J. Kickham; cloth	1 50
Kilkenny, The Ancient City of Ossory; by J. Hogan; illustrated	2 00
Last Colonel of the Irish Brigade; by Mrs. Morgan Jno. O'Connell; 2 vols.	3 00
Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts; by Patrick Kennedy	1 25
Lalor; The Writings of James Fintan; introduction by John O'Leary	1 00
Lever, Charles; Complete Works, 28 vols., cloth, set	25 00
Lover, Samuel; Complete Works, 5 vols., cloth, set	5 00
Life and Writings of James Clarence Mangan; by D. J. O'Donoghue	2 00
Life of Charles Lever; by W. J. Fitzpatrick; 8 vo., cloth, portrait	1 50
Life of John Boyle O'Reilly; Poems and Speeches; by Roche	3 00
New Irish Library, The; Edited by Charles Gavan Duffy, assisted by Douglas Hyde and R. Barry O'Brien, consisting of:	
1, The Patriot Parliament of 1689; by Thomas Davis	1 00
2, The Bog of Stars; by Standish O'Grady	1 00
3, The New Spirit of the Nation; by Martin Macdermott	1 00
4, A Parish Providence; by E. M. Lynch	1 00
5, The Irish Song Book; Alfred Perceval Graves	1 00
6, The Story of Early Gaelic Literature; by Douglas Hyde	1 00
7, The Life of Patrick Sarsfield; by John Todhunter	1 00
8, Owen Roe O'Neill; by J. F. Taylor, Q. C.	1 00
9, Swift In Ireland; by Richard Ashe King, M. A.	1 00
10, A Short Life of Thomas Davis; by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy	1 00
11, Bishop Doyle, A Biographical and Historical Study; by Michael Macdonagh	1 00
12, Lays of the Red Branch; by Sir Samuel Ferguson, LL.D.	1 00
Warpath and Bivouac; by John F. Finerty	1 25

Many other books on History, Song or Story on hand, or will procure on short notice.

Send 2 cent Stamp for List. Address all Orders to

P. V. FITZPATRICK, Bookseller,

154 Twenty Second Street, Chicago.

Oldest Savings Bank in Chicago.

OFFICERS:
J. V. Clarke, President.
Henry B. Clarke, Vice-Pres. & Mgr Savings Dept.
Hamilton B. Dox, Cashier.
L. B. Clarke, Asst. Cashier.

HIBERNIAN BANKING ASS'N.

OFFICE HOURS.
10 a.m. to 3 p.m.
SATURDAYS:
Commercial Dept 9 a.m. to 12 m.
Savings Dept., 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. and 6 to 8 p.m.

Established 1867.

Deposits of One Dollar and upward received and interest allowed thereon at the bank's old established rate —3 per cent per annum—compounded half yearly. Open from 6 to 8 o'clock every Saturday Night for the convenience of those who are unable to attend during the regular banking hours.

P. H. Heffron
RICHELIEU WINE CO.
(INCORPORATED)
WHISKIES
IN BOND OR TAX PAID
IMPORTED WINES & LIQUORS
64 VAN BUREN ST. Chicago, Ills.

PABST MILWAUKEE DOPPEL-BRAEU.

The new dark beer, "Doppel-Braeu," or double brew, of Pabst Brewing Company is pronounced by good judges and experts in beer the most delicious malt beverage yet put forward. Superior to the expensive imported beers. Elegantly bottled for family use at much less cost.

N. E. Cor. Grand-av. and Desplaines-st.
Telephone Main 4383. Chicago, Ill.

KEELEY Brewing Co

MALTSTERS AND LAGER BEER BREWERS.

Twenty-Eighth-St. & Cottage Grove-Av.,

CHICAGO, ILL.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN
5 DAYS 7 HOURS 23 MIN.
FASTEST TIME ON RECORD,
BY THE OLD RELIABLE
CUNARD MAIL LINE
Which has been in existence 57 years and NEVER LOST A LIFE.
THE NEW TWIN-SCREW STEAMSHIPS,
LUCANIA AND CAMPANIA
620 Feet Long, 12,950 Tons, 30,000 H.-P.
Among the Largest, Fastest and Most Magnificent in the World.
UMBRIA, ETRURIA, AURANIA, SERVIA,
520 Feet Long, 8,500 Tons, 14,500 Horse-Power and other Floating Palaces, comprising a superior fleet of Fast Express Passenger Steamers.
Saturday Sailings from New York, Boston and Liverpool calling at Queenstown.
Unsurpassed Saloon, Second-Cabin and Steerage accommodation on all steamers.
Free use of bedding and utensils for steerage passengers.
F. G. WHITING, Mgr. Dearborn and Randolph, Chicago
GRAHAM & SONS, 134 W. Madison St., Chicago.

When Going to Europe
OR SENDING FOR YOUR FRIENDS
BE SURE TO SECURE PASSAGE BY ONE OF THE MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS
OF THE FAMOUS
WHITE STAR LINE,

MAJESTIC, 10,000 Tons. 582 Feet.
TEUTONIC, 582 Feet. 10,000 Tons
BRITANNIC.
GERMANIC.
OCEANIC.
SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM
NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL,
Calling at QUEENSTOWN to Land and Embark Passengers and Mails.
Tickets to and from the principal English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, French, German and Scandinavian ports.
Drafts and Money Orders for sale at lowest rates. Apply to the nearest agent, or to the Company's offices.
R. MAITLAND KERSEY, General Agent, 9 BROADWAY, N. Y.
S. TENNEY FRENCH, General Western Agent, 244 S. Clark Street, CHICAGO.
GRAHAM & SONS, 134 W. MADISON-ST.
MARTIN FANNING, 242 S. HALSTED-ST

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN.
John Naghten & Co.
INSURANCE.
A Specialty made of Insuring Churches, Church Property, Academies, School Houses and Dwellings at Reasonable Rates.
181 LaSalle-St. Chicago.

JAMES BURNS
ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT.
Estimates for Cost of Construction Furnished Free of Charge.
183-189 Dearborn St., Rooms 601 and 602, Adams Express Building, Chicago.

AMERICAN LINE
THE ONLY TRANSATLANTIC LINE CARRYING THE AMERICAN FLAG.

New York — Southampton — London
EVERY WEDNESDAY.
The shortest and most convenient route to London. *No transfer by tender — No tidal delays.* Passengers land at Empress Docks, avoiding inconvenience and exposure of transfer by tender.
Philadelphia — Queenstown — Liverpool
EVERY SATURDAY
Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, German and Scandinavian Ports.
Local Agents in all the principal towns in the United States.
Drafts on Great Britain and Ireland for sale.
INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY,
143 LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO.
FRANCIS C. BROWN, West. Gen. Pass. Agt

Our facilities for printing the Forms used by Societies and Clubs, also the Commercial line, are unequalled.
CLOHESEY & CO.
PRINTERS
48 and 50 Wabash Avenue
...CHICAGO...
TELEPHONE MAIN 2134

O'DONNELL BROS.,
Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities.
Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6 per cord, delivered.
Office and Yard
303 W. Taylor-st., between Halsted-st. and Blue Island av.

Office of the Chicago and Alaska Mining Company.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the stockholders of the Chicago Hard Copper Company, held at 910 Ashland Block, Chicago, on the 12th day of September, 1896, it was decided, by a unanimous vote, to change the name of said corporation to the Chicago and Alaska Mining Company and to enlarge the object of said corporation, and that the certificates of such change have been filed in the office of the Secretary of State and in the office of the Recorder of Deeds in the County of Cook, as provided by law.

Oct. 25, 1897.

P. L. McKINNIE, President.
JOHN MOFFITT, Secretary.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 522 REAPER BLOCK.

ESTATE OF JULIA ENRIGHT, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Julia Enright, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of December, A. D. 1897, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, October 22, 1897.

JOHN S. ENRIGHT,
CATHERINE CASEY,
MICHAEL E. ENRIGHT,
Executors.

Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys for Executors.

ESTABLISHED 1874. INCORPORATED 1894.

JOS. P. WATHIER CO.,
WHOLESALE JEWELERS.

Pin No. 791. Solid Gold Rolled Plate.

Pin No. 623. Solid Gold Rolled Plate.

Button No. 614. Solid Gold Rolled Plate.

Headquarters for Latest Novelties in Fashionable Jewelry. Full Assortment Watches, Diamonds, Silverware, Clocks, Etc.
EYES TESTED FREE BY COMPETENT OPTICIANS.
FINE WATCH AND JEWELRY REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.
SOCIETY EMBLEMS OF ALL KINDS MADE TO ORDER.
178 W. MADISON ST. 142 MILWAUKEE AV.

9 MY 98 MUSEUM